

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

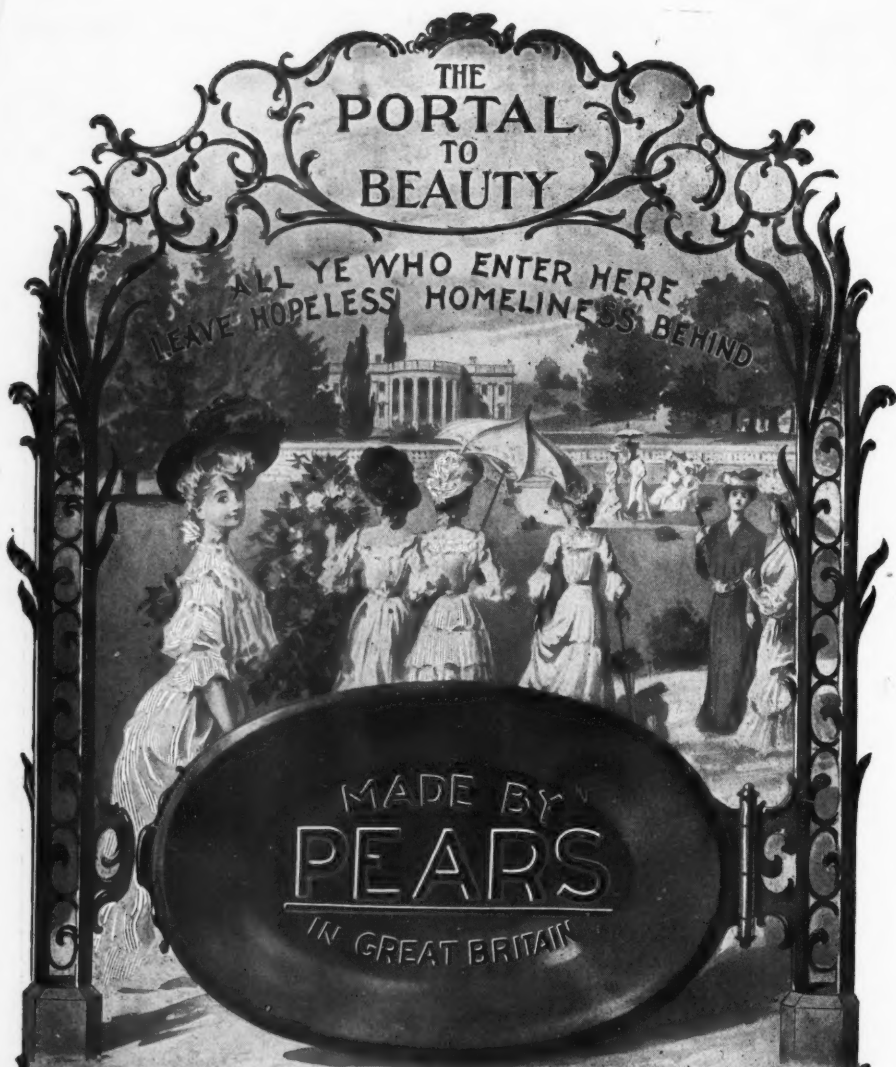
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



BOSTON — APRIL 1905
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THE
PORTAL
TO
BEAUTY

ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE
LEAVE HOPELESS HOMELINESS BEHIND



*Skin-homely girls are hopeless without the use of Pears'—
Through its cleansing and purifying, the beauty that Pears' Soap
brings out from a homely skin is a delightful revelation.*

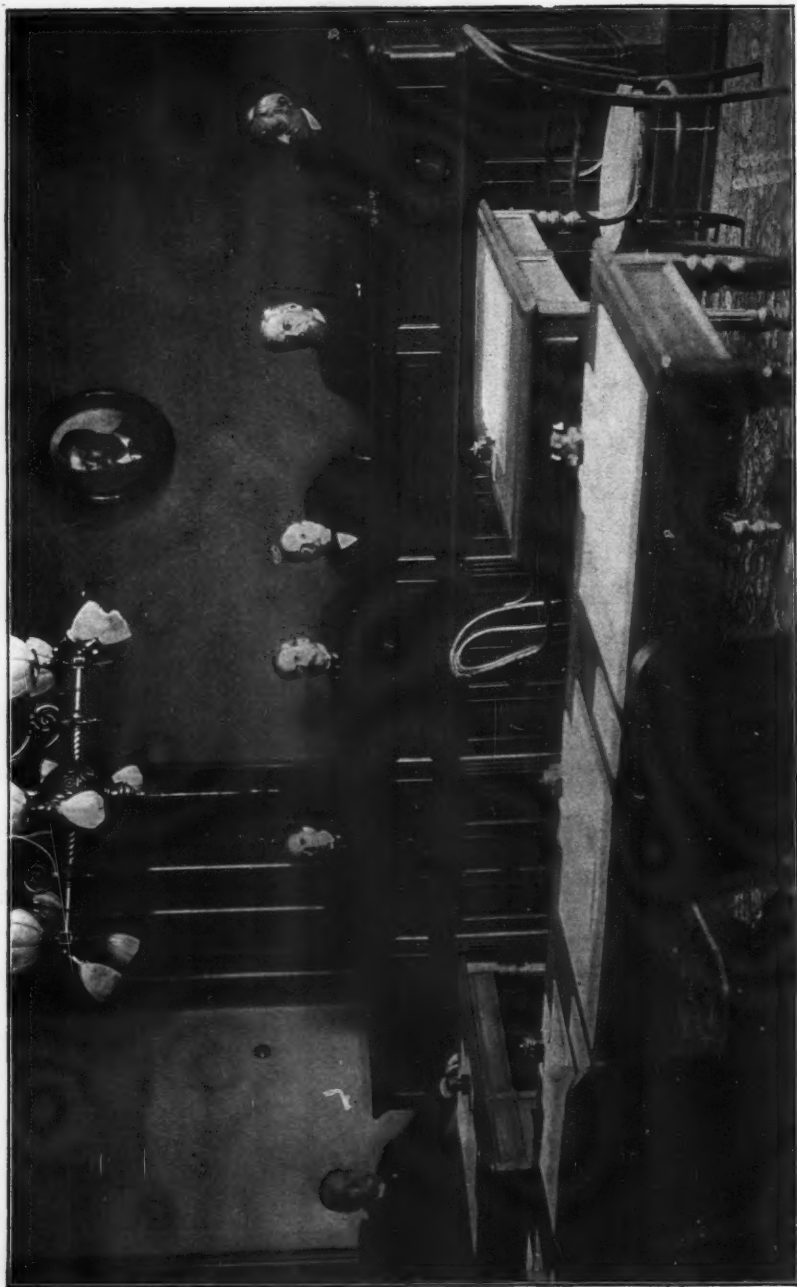
Of All Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

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A SNAPSHOT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER WALKING FROM HIS CARRIAGE
INTO THE STANDARD OIL OFFICES AT 26 WALL STREET

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate



THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLINEDINST AT WASHINGTON

The commissioners are Martin Knapp, chairman, of New York; Judson C. Clements, of Georgia; James D. Yeomans, of Iowa; Charles A. Prouty, of Vermont, and Joseph W. Fifer, of Illinois, with Edward A. Moseley as secretary

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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No. 1



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

It was indeed—and in deeds—an ideal inauguration. Theodore Roosevelt, radiant in the spirit of progressive and patriotic Americanism, with his head up, his arm firm, his voice clear, inaugurated an era of four years of confidence, good cheer and activity for the Nation. The fourth of March dawned with that spirit supreme among the throngs at Washington, and echoed wherever the stars and stripes are unfurled; and the stroke of twelve at midnight closed a day significant in the annals of our history. There were three years of deeds upon which to build this outburst of optimism, that the sovereign people had plainly decreed at the polls in November.

What a cheerful air of expectancy on the day previous! The throngs poured in like an avalanche—eating and sleeping were the last things that concerned them. Badges galore were worn by old and young. As the Germans say, the *zeitgeist* or spirit of the times was reflected in the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt. The bridal couple were here—and older couples, too, were here for a second honeymoon. Everyone had the happy habit. Bands playing—soldiers marching—darkies dancing—cake-walks in the street—young and old cheering—red lights blazing—Washington aflame with decorations of stars and stripes in flag, bunting and electric device.

Long before daylight we were awakened in our room at the St. James by

the band of Troop A, of New York, the president's escort, coming down the avenue, playing catchy ragtime. The kettle-drum gave the syncopation a fascinating accent, and nearer and nearer they came, when without an interlude the strains of "America" burst forth in victorious tones, and I think I never heard the national hymn played when it thrilled me so much, as in that hour before the purple dawn. It seemed like some supernatural symphony as the music died away in the distance, with the rat-ta-tat of that kettle-drum which served to emphasize the martial spirit of the occasion.

At sunrise the avenue was crowded, the ropes were stretched, and until ten o'clock the people good-naturedly waited for the appearance of their president. In the form of a letter V the mounted police came first—then Troop A, with their hussar caps and a touch of yellow. With the president in his carriage drawn by four horses were Senators John C. Spooner and Henry Cabot Lodge and Representative Dalzell. The president arose now and then, doffing his hat and bowing right and left with a smile that indicated his keen enjoyment. At his side rode the Rough Riders in picturesque garb, comrades of San Juan hill.

At the Capitol the president went direct to the "president's room" at the right of the senate chamber, and on the table which Lincoln used so much during the Civil war, he signed the last

thirty-nine bills before the session was to close at twelve o'clock.

This room is one of the most handsomely decorated portions of the Capitol. It contains the portraits of Washington and members of the first cabinet—Hamilton, Knox, Osgood, Gallatin and Jefferson. As the president signed these bills he looked upon the only real portrait of Thomas Jefferson, as it shows him with fiery red hair. In the room is a bronze bust of McKinley, simply decorated with red carnations; and what sad memories were awakened as Theodore Roosevelt looked reverently upon the calm and placid face that graced this room four years ago. The president wore a flat seal ring of Lincoln's, presented to him by Secretary Hay; and as he looked upon it, sitting at Lincoln's table, one could almost see him consecrating himself anew to the great cause of humanity—so grandly represented by Lincoln—before taking his oath.

It was a long half-hour in the Marble room, where, brilliant in uniforms representing all nations, the diplomatic corps had assembled. The senate chamber, and galleries were filled with distinguished guests, and the diplomatic corps and supreme court, senators and congressmen had taken their places when the president entered. The simple ceremony of swearing in Vice President Fairbanks and the new senators was soon over and the chaplain, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, had offered prayer, which concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined.

Now for the supreme moment! When the president and party left the senate chamber and marched to the stand on the steps of the Capitol, there were lowering clouds and biting winds. Hardly had Theodore Roosevelt raised his lips from the Bible as he concluded the oath, administered by Chief Justice Fuller, when the sun burst forth and an electric thrill seemed to pass over the great throng. As Theodore Roosevelt

raised his head, a president by the people's mandate, cheer after cheer echoed on down the hill and avenue. The trim West Point cadets in front of the stand made a picturesque setting of the picture; the people pushed forward as the president began to speak against the gales, bareheaded, and vigorous in tone and action.

The parade from the Capitol was a scene to be remembered. There was gallant, one-armed General O. O. Howard, holding the reins of his horse in his teeth. There was General Fred Grant, the picture of his distinguished father. Native soldiers from Porto Rico, the Philippines and Hawaii. The gallant Ninth, then governors of fifteen states and their staffs resplendent. The president's stand was located on the exact spot where the Grand Parade of the Union armies in 1865 was reviewed. The avenue in front was called the "Court of History." Here was a large array of the heroic statues from the St. Louis Exposition. Near the president was the statue of Andrew Jackson in a silk tile, with his hand grasping his cane, and "Mad Anthony" Wayne with sword unsheathed. There were Lewis and Clark, Marbois (Napoleon's minister who sold us Louisiana)—pages of our history were flashed in these figures. On either side were stately pillars of bamboo sent from the Philippines, decorated with the palms of the tropics.

In the line of march no other one phase pleased the president more than the civic division. And this was especially creditable to General B. H. Warner, grand marshal of this division. I started in the morning as an aide to General Joseph Wheeler, with a blue sash, but was promoted to a place on General Warner's staff as adjutant-general within a few hours—so you see why I may be partial to civic-military service. The horse was a good one, and nothing happened, except that an automobile knocked horse and rider over on



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1905
From Stereograph copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

the way to the parade—but that was an incident. To see the valiant civic division struggle with military orders was one of the serio-comic phases of the day.”

The gallant aides bounced about on the brochos like—but no matter; we were all doing honor to our chief. The neighbors from Oyster Bay were given

a hearty ovation by the Roosevelt children as they recognized the marchers. The cowboys under Seth Bullock brought back memories of North Dakota; the miners from Scranton, with gleaming lights; the Tippecanoe Club; the trim young Roosevelt Club of Minneapolis; the large body of the New York Republican Club; the "Big Stick" brigade—were all glimpses of current history in a way.

General Chaffee and staff of West Pointers and cadets from Annapolis gave an idea of what the future soldiery of the country is to be. The splendid ovation given to General Wheeler, the Confederate chieftain, indicated a nation united. Senator Bacon of Georgia, in the reviewing stand, was good-naturedly twitted about the oppressed peoples as the Filipinos marched by. It was well toward sunset before the last brigade passed the reviewing stand.

There was a scamper to get ready for the inaugural ball at the Pension building. The Marine band was at its best. The large room was radiant with military braid from the staffs; the toilets of the ladies submerged the society columns. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks, the cabinet and family occupied the gallery and were given a hearty ovation by the guests on the floor. It was interesting to watch the hearty way in which the Roosevelt children joined in applauding "Papa and Mamma" as they started in the grand march. The popular "two-step" monopolized the dancing program, and as the great crowds began to depart every bit of floor space was preempted for dancing until the hour of twelve.

In the little groups that were clustered timidly about the eight great pillars were mothers and sisters who were not in complete "society array," but were happy and evidently "at home in their own house" for all that. Yes, society was there; but best of all, the plain people were there.

Sunday was a day for "getting away." Those who remained over thronged the Congressional Library and looked with keen delight upon our nation's treasure of literature and art. With Monday came another rush to Mt. Vernon.

The president began his work on March 6 bright and early, as if nothing had happened in the way of an inauguration. The senate convened in an aftermath, or extra session, to confirm the new appointments, including that of the new cabinet, in which no changes were made except the selection of George B. Cortelyou as postmaster-general.

By permission of the weather bureau the heavy rains set in immediately after inauguration day, and in those quieter hours I found the impulse for an optimistic retrospect. Programs and souvenirs are stowed away for curious eyes in years to come, the reviewing stands are dismantled, the flags and bunting have come down and the weather-vane at the White House seems to point out a very apt and pertinent phase—peculiarly Rooseveltian:—"Now for business!"

And business it is.

SITTING in his committee room, it was a pleasure to witness the appreciation of Senator Fairbanks as he handled the new gavel that had just been presented to him by Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews. This gavel was made by Mr. Edward P. Hatch, president of the well known company of Lord & Taylor, and it was cut out of a single piece of wood. The head of the gavel is the body of the branch and the handle another limb which grew at right angles. It was a singular growth, and something which Mr. Hatch says he had never seen before and does not expect to find again. What seemed to please the senator most was the expression of appreciation from a well known businessman and the fact that the gavel was cut from



WHITELAW REID, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND AMBASSADOR OF
THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN

a tree in Vermont, the native state of his father.

The old gavel used by the vice president or presiding officer of the senate is a round piece of ivory, on which there

is no appearance of a handle. Two indentations have been worn in it by the thumb and finger of the users, proving that it has been in use for a long time, though there is no record as to when or



OPHIR HALL, WHITELAW REID'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE

whence it first came to the desk of the senate chamber. The United States senate has all these years been called to order by the gentle tap of a piece of ivory, while the house gavel has a handle and is of ample proportions, producing a sound like a sledge-hammer, in strong contrast to the gentle, thimble-like tap of the ivory, that reminds one of the way mother used to call her boisterous boys to order in the old days.

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ON Wednesday, February 2, Senator William B. Allison reached and passed the longest period of service of any man in the United States senate, not only the longest total term, but the longest successive service. John Sherman served thirteen days less than thirty-two years, but Senator Allison has now served continuously for thirty-two years, and has four years more to serve. To see him hale and hearty in the thick of the fight on the floor of the senate, makes it difficult to believe that he is seventy-five years of age. If he reaches the allotted life span of Senator Morrill of

Vermont, he will have served over a half-century in congress, having served eight years in the lower house. It is confidently predicted that he is going to round out his sixty years of service in the United States congress. Few men have held unimpaired health and vigor under the strain of administration of public affairs as has this representative from the Hawkeye state. His life work shows on many pages of important history. Not only has he been proven efficient in every test on public matters, but his kindly sympathy and help to many young congressmen on the floor of the house will not readily be forgotten, and many a man in public life has much for which to thank him. Long may he live, great, good, genial and lovable William B. Allison, who but for his own modesty could have been president of the United States. Senator Allison rather sought to serve his country in one continuous term of service in the representative chambers, where the value of his faithful work will long be remembered. The sparkle of his brown eyes, the careful, pains-taking work of days

and nights in committees, in conference and on the floor, record an activity that is truly an inspiration to the young men of the nation.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WYNNE walked out of the cabinet room and gave the news to the newspaper men. It was plain to see he knew just how to do it. This announcement was the consummation of a treaty with Great Britain which has been pending for a long time. Third Assistant Postmaster-General Shallenberger has just returned from Europe, and at a conference in the postmaster-general's room in the morning between Mr. Wynne and assistants Madden and Shallenberger everything was settled. At a cabinet meeting that same day the signatures of the president and Secretary Hay were added to the document, which went into effect at once.

In his neat little portfolio, the postmaster general brought out to the newspaper men this important document bearing on it the seals of the British Empire and of the United States, which make it effective. The paper was signed by Lord Stanley, who has a name long enough to serve four or five ordinary individuals. Postmaster-General Wynne served many years in the newspaper business, which accounts for the quick, concise way in which he imparts his news. In about three minutes the reporters were in possession of all the facts they needed for the story, and I noticed how each had the familiar roll of yellow paper in hand and made notes lengthwise instead of across the sheet, as the ordinary mortal writes; and out of those scrawls soon came a column of type. There was much to interest me in the half-hour I spent in the post-



LIBRARY AT OPHIR HALL, WHITELAW REID'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK



LUNCH ROOM IN THE NEW YORK CITY RESIDENCE OF WHITELOW REID

office department. In the center of the inner court was a great flag, perhaps sixty feet in length, and there were palms from the tropics lining the court; but, best of all, everything had been cleaned up, though tradition says that this is the first time such an event has taken place since this building was erected seventeen years ago.

The postmaster-general has four assistants. The first assistant is in charge of the presidential postoffices and has to do chiefly with congressmen and senators; the second assistant is in charge of the railway postal service, and the third assistant has charge of the second class mails. There is no fourth assistant at present, since Mr. Bristow sent in his resignation.

George B. Cortelyou succeeded Mr. Wynne as postmaster-general early in March, and appointed as his first assistant Frank H. Hitchcock. Mr. New of

Indiana becomes head of the republican national committee and Mr. Wynne goes to London as consul-general.

AS I walked through the snow and slush, I thought that perhaps the National readers would like to take a glimpse into the Japanese embassy, so I turned my steps toward N street, where the Japanese minister has his headquarters in a modest house with two pillars in front, which give it an official appearance. In the reception room are many specimens of Japanese handicraft. There is a statue of Buddha under the mirror, and a beautiful screen in another part of the room with birds of golden plumage peering through the texture. The furniture is a semi-American adaptation, which makes the visitor feel quite at home and yet gives an indication of the character of the embassy. On the floor was a rug made from a great tiger skin,



STUDY AND LIBRARY IN THE NEW YORK CITY RESIDENCE OF WHITELOW REID

twelve feet long. The head was nearly twenty inches long, and his eyes seemed to catch mine as I sat on the divan. Perhaps the flattened state of that tiger represented the wishes of Japan in regard to the Russian bear when the war is closed. The decorations of the room were cherry blossoms, and the chairs were of cane and bamboo, black and brown intermingled.

Mr. Takahira is a small man, somewhat stooped-shouldered, very keen and much interested in all American affairs, but withal thoroughly and every inch Japanese.

The Russian and Japanese embassies are located not far apart, and in spite of the ravages of war between the two countries, Count Cassini and Mr. Takahira meet in the most friendly way at the various functions in Washington.

It would be interesting to know all the details of the work in each embassy, but

the most important matters are never known to the public. All conditions affecting their country are closely watched by the representatives and all evidence is weighed in the diplomatic scales every morning to see what must be done; but the correspondence of an embassy is kept as secret as the grave, though we may well believe that some of it would startle the world should it be published in full as it is written and despatched under seals.

I was once told by a well known diplomat that diplomacy required straightforward, square, honest men, but they must be men who could keep their own counsel and be capable of conducting correspondence in such a way that it would never leak out. This same representative emphasized the fact that the legations in Washington are more or less branch business houses for the nations to which they belong, and the routine

partakes more largely of a commercial character than do the embassies in any other country in the world. In fact, I have been told that many ambassadors sent to Washington are forewarned that it would be undesirable that they should become inoculated with the business

manner of treating the streams of immigration which are now flowing into this country as never before. When we stop to consider the millions and millions of foreigners who have come to America and have become loyal and prosperous citizens, the results astonish even the



SENATOR BERRY OF ARKANSAS — A SNAPSHOT

or dollar mania of the United States.

Perhaps there is no more beneficial leaven introduced into the substance of our public life than that brought in by foreign ambassadors and ministers, who must at all hazards maintain the spirit of the countries they represent. We gain from them a knowledge of the best

keenest students of sociology. The re-making of natives of half a dozen countries into American citizens is no small undertaking, and involves a constant succession of economic sacrifices on the part of those already engaged in our industries that is in the highest degree honorable to their unselfish humanity.

YES, I was at the army and navy reception at the White House, and I can never recall it without a smile and also a blush. The event of February 16 was probably the most brilliant social function ever held in the White House. It was a beautiful Winter's night,

exhilarating effect on the mind.

As I passed along the basement corridors, my eye was caught by the pictures of Harriet Lane Johnson, Mrs. Tyler and other past ladies of the White House, who seemed to be participating in the evening's gaiety. The procession



SENATOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT—A SNAPSHOT

clear and cold, and the brilliantly lighted mansion stood out from its snowy background like a picture of peace, plenty and good cheer. The steel blue of the sky, the rattle of the carriages, the swish of the silken robes of the ladies, the hum of the revolving doors as they were kept in constant movement, all had an

of guests passed slowly up the stairs to the right, then on through the corridor, or main vestibule, in which the Marine band was giving selections from the martial airs of all nations. There was no floral display—the stars and stripes, the president's ensign and that of the army and navy were the only decorations. Then we passed through the state

dining room, moving slowly and chatting sociably, for all the guests seemed to come in groups who were well acquainted with each other. It is not necessary to say that there was no American there that night who was not proud of the beauty of our ladies.

In the frieze of the state dining room were the massive heads of caribou, elk and moose and ram's horns on each side—trophies of the hunt that indicate the taste of the president. The mahogany extension table had been drawn to one corner, so that the entire floor was left free for the passage of visitors, who stepped sedately around the corners of the mammoth rug. Over the mantel was a tapestry showing typical Indian scenes. Candles glowed on the sideboard and the brilliancy of the electric bulbs was shaded by a circlet of feathers, which

also suggested the red man of early days.

At the entrance to the dining room stood the president and Mrs. Roosevelt beside Colonel Bromwell, who was attired in full regimentals. Here the procession changed from double into "Indian" or single file. Colonel Bromwell introduced the guests to the president. Just as I came directly in front of the president, and had my eyes fixed upon him, one of the ladies before me suddenly unfurled her train. I had been standing close to her and had no suspicion that she was wearing all this additional material, so that I was entirely unprepared for this abrupt contraction of floor space and did not see it. The next thing I knew, my two feet were upon that train, and to my startled ears there came a fearful sound of ripping and rending. In much haste and confusion



A TYPICAL GROUP OF VISITORS AT THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE—A DELEGATION FROM NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, HEADED BY GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AND SENATOR DANIEL

I stepped off that train and onto another one—more ripping! Never in my life had I realized how much in the way two feet could be, but I inwardly blessed the good breeding of those two ladies, who never betrayed by so much as a single glance or movement that they knew what awful havoc was being wrought upon their trains. I knew that the president saw my plight, for I caught a twinkle in his eyes as he took my hand and spoke a few kindly words that made me forget even the "time of trains."

The executive suite stood in file along the oval blue room, with the ladies of the cabinet in front and others behind. The guests passed from there to the Tea Room. Here a rope was run along to prevent confusion, and a number of the guests were wafted into the cosy Tea Room so that they might have an opportunity for a chat. The tide of guests then flowed out into the notable East Room, of historic fame, where the symphony of greeting was mingled with pleasant conversation. The voices were musical and ranged over two octaves of the chromatic scale. This East Room was where Dolly Madison reigned, and it was here that Frances Folsom Cleveland and Nellie Grant were married. In this room I noticed the towering form of Vice President Fairbanks, holding a little levee of his own in one corner, and here I met Mr. Donovan, the athlete with whom the president spars every day, and who has a profound admiration for the chief executive as a boxer. Mr. Donovan was arrayed in the conventional black, but even in this dress his well developed muscles were apparent. He told me that he had a sore nose, as the president's exercises had been pretty vigorous that morning, and I began to understand how it was that in all the handshaking that devolves upon him Mr. Roosevelt never shows any sign of fatigue. Near Mr. Donovan was Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court. Then came Secretary Shaw, Secretary



THE SMALL SON OF SENOR DON GONZALO DE QUESADA,
MINISTER FROM CUBA

Morton and Secretary Wilson, all having a good time, as might be known by the buzz of conversation. Count Cassini was there in all the glory of his diplomatic regalia. Near him was the small but effective envoy from Japan, Count Takahira. There were military attaches from all the embassies in Washington, and a gathering of notables all over the room. I must not fail to mention Miss Alice Roosevelt, and the daughters of the members of the cabinet, who certainly added much to the brilliancy of the scene. I think I could write enough about the conversation I heard on that occasion—"behind the ropes," as Professor Donovan put it—to fill a book; and it would be interesting reading. In no other country except America could such a gathering have been possible.

The trim uniforms gave added color to the scene. General Adna Chaffee was there, gallant as any young cadet. Admiral Dewey was unable to be present owing to illness, but the navy was well represented, for there were lines of young middies and others—the future

commanders. How gallant looked the young soldiers and sailors, the graduates of West Point or Annapolis, as they paid their addresses to the ladies. I was lost in admiration of the way in which they succeeded in keeping their swords out of the way, it was in such contrast with my own sad experience. There certainly is a knack about it that cannot be easily acquired.

Many men were there who had been eye-witnesses of historic events. There was General Sickles, of Gettysburg fame;

I passed out and heard the megaphones calling the carriages, but I easily found my own automobile. It could not be mistaken, and I noticed that a great many other guests, some of them distinguished persons, patronized this same conveyance, and that night the Washington street-cars were brilliant with gold-braided uniforms and the shimmering silk of ladies' dresses, as we all went home to "tell our folks about it."

Now haven't I told you?



MRS. J. F. DE ASSIS-BRASIL, THE WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM BRAZIL, AND HER PRETTY BABE



THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF SENOR MARTIN GARCIA MEROU, THE MINISTER FROM ARGENTINE

there were veterans of the Civil War and of the Indian frontier fights. There were soldiers who had seen service in the far East and the far West, and men who had passed through the campaign in Cuba. Veterans of both the Blue and the Gray were present and many Rough Riders, among them Major Lewellyn; in fact, there was hardly a page of war or naval history within the past half-century which was not represented that night by at least one eye-witness.

ADMIRAL DEWEY has gone to Guantanamo, Cuba, the new naval station, where he is personally to supervise the naval maneuvers in the Caribbean Sea.

I had an interesting chat with Captain William Swift, who remarked on the difficulty of enlisting and holding the right men in the right place. Despite the marvelous advance in automatic mechanisms, human judgment and insight are just as much needed in the handling of the mammoth guns of today

as in the old days of the "peep sight" and the blunderbuss. Some men can measure distance intuitively, while it seems that others never learn to exercise judgment in these matters, despite years of mechanical training. Though the "telescopic sight" in the modern gun shows on a dial what may be anticipated, and the act of aiming is made comparatively simple, yet quick calculation by the gunner seems to be as necessary as ever. Shooting at a moving target is, perhaps, the supreme test of efficiency in the navy, and in firing, the target is likely to move in one direction and the vessel in another, so that accuracy in aim must be made under all conditions. The real "sighting" of the gun is done from observations taken on deck and communicated to the gunners below. The men spend a large part of each day practicing every conceivable movement, and it is to these long hours of patient practice that we owe such victories as those of Manila and Santiago. The policy of the navy is not to show how many shots can be fired in a given time, but how many shots can be fired and strike where they are intended to hit. When it is realized how much science is required to manipulate one of the modern big guns, it will be admitted that all of this time and practice is well invested.

If there is any one fact to which the world is being rapidly educated, it is the belief in the unerring accuracy of aim of the "men behind the guns" aboard Uncle Sam's ships.



WHAT a tribute it was when the people gathered in memory of the birthday of their friend and neighbor who has passed away. In that beautiful auditorium in Canton, which is, perhaps, not excelled in this country, the birthday of William McKinley was observed on January 31, 1905—a date of national significance. Eight hundred

guests gathered about the tables and a large number of distinguished men were seated on the rostrum, the honored visitors of the evening. Judge Day of the United States supreme court, friend, neighbor and counselor of President McKinley, presided. The guests included Senator Fairbanks, General Black, Governor Herrick, General Fitzhugh Lee and other prominent men. In the balcony above was the G. A. R. band, in which President McKinley took so keen an interest. Above the band was a large canopy with a sky effect, on which stars were depicted in a field of blue. I reached the hall early, and as I sat in the dim light I thought how closely united was the spirit of the dead with the living, even upon this occasion.

Over the speaker's head was a life-size painting of McKinley, which has been purchased by the city. The auditorium is magnificent and complete and was built at a cost of \$200,000 by the people of Canton. It occupies a whole square and is certainly a triumph in architecture. It speaks the character and spirit of the Canton people as nothing else could do. It is no wonder that the president loved his home town; and how he would have enjoyed this auditorium in his later years had he been spared!

Who does not remember the old fable of the Sun and the Wind, and how they disputed as to which could accomplish most. In the midst of the argument a traveler passed by wearing a long cloak.

"Now," said the Sun, "here is an opportunity to show your strength. Let us see who will persuade this man to lay aside his cloak. Do you try first, and if you fail, then I will endeavor to get the cloak off."

Then the wind blustered and tore at that cloak, blowing from the back, the front, the sides, but all to no purpose. The man only hugged his cloak the tighter, wrapping it around him, deter-

mined not to part with it while the wind blew such chilling blasts. Rude Boreas withdrew from the contest and the Sun tried his power. He shone and shone, until that man was glad to take off the cloak and put it under a bush to await his return. He was warmed through and the cloak was no longer needed.

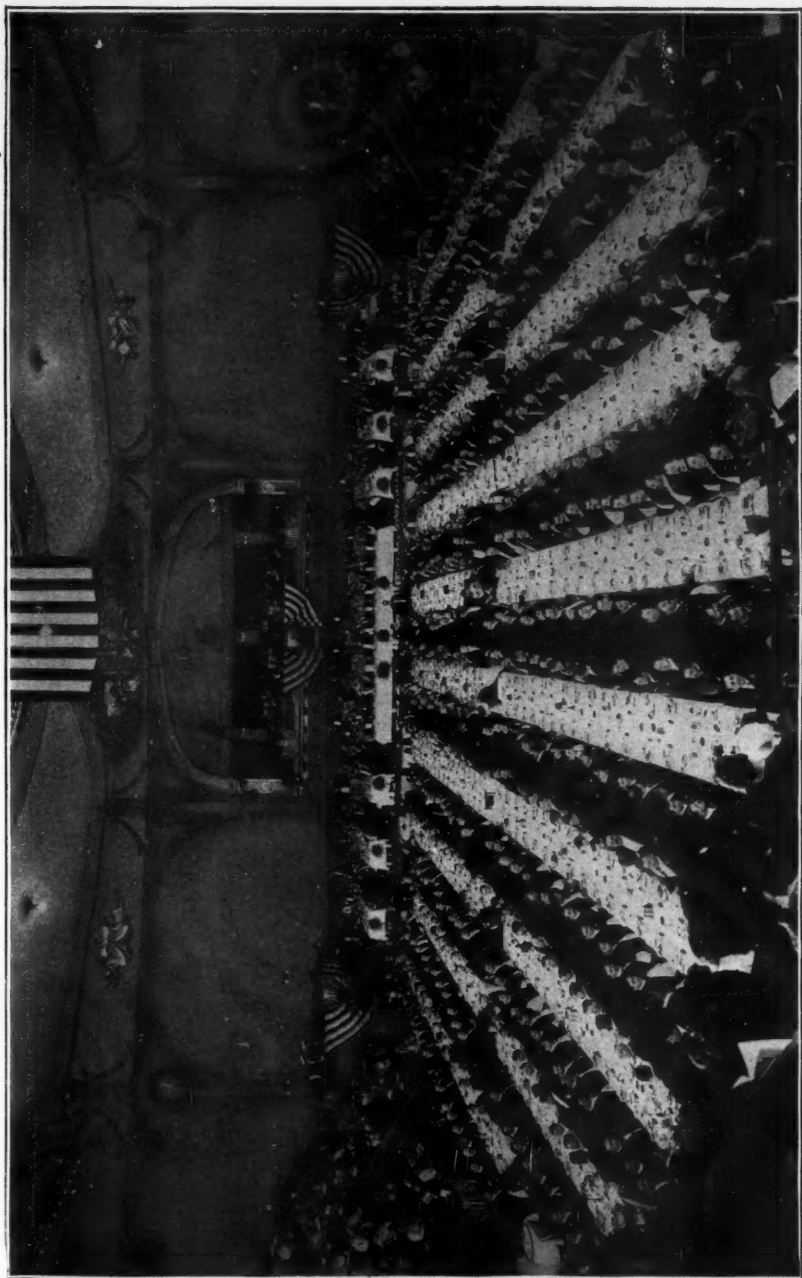
There are statesmen who remind me of that wind. They bluster and rave, they flap the cloak of public iniquity this way and that, and the moral cyclone only causes that cloak to be drawn the closer and held the tighter. But McKinley's method was to warm the man, so that the cloak was no longer needed, and it was laid aside of his own free will.

After the company assembled, the long array of tables with their snowy drapery and the rows of black-coated guests gave the auditorium a curious flag-like effect to the spectators in the gallery, but when Mrs. McKinley entered the right-hand box and everybody arose, in a moment the white lines were lost in the mass of standing men, and, as if by magic, on her entrance the whole room suddenly grew black. It seemed like a double tribute to the little lady in her mourning gown, who had come to do honor to the occasion. There was a moment of impressive silence, of reverence and respect, which showed how strongly the memory of William McKinley is cherished. Mrs. McKinley threw back her veil, and to me, as to many, that was the great event of the whole evening.

The beautiful tribute paid to the departed friend and neighbor by Justice Day was indeed inspiring, as were the stirring addresses of Vice President Fairbanks and Generals Black and Lee. The distinguished Virginian was given an ovation that showed how well the work of the dead president had been done—how greatly he had succeeded in fraternizing the people of the North and South.

As I looked at Mrs. McKinley sitting in the gallery of that great auditorium I could not but remember the many times I had met her with the late president, and then I recalled the last time I had seen her—three years after that terrible day at Buffalo—when, on a certain sunny Sunday in August I passed up Market street to the familiar lawn. As I crossed the turf, made famous by the campaign of '96, what a rush of sad memories came over me. The gray and white awnings threw a shadow over the veranda that accorded well with the sense of loss and sorrow that must ever be associated with this home. The click of the telegraph, that in the old days could be heard at almost any hour of the day or night, was hushed, and the library was absolutely still. There was only a marble bust in the corner that seemed ready to speak. The familiar rattan rocking-chair swung in the breeze on the piazza as I entered. Through the folding doors I passed to meet Mrs. McKinley in the room across the hall. She sat at her favorite window in her accustomed armchair, with the Bible on her lap and her spectacles lying upon the open page. Her face spoke of a resignation at once sad and sweet, and as I took her hand, with an emotion I could not overcome, I felt that I was paying the homage due to a queen—queen of American homes, for do we not owe to her and hers much that is brightest and best in our homes today? I doubt if any one man has had more influence on the prosperity and welfare of this country than William McKinley, an influence exerted at a critical time, when we were seriously involved both in moral and economic problems.

Mrs. McKinley has aged somewhat since that terrible blow; her hair is a little whiter, her gray eyes not quite so bright. Her expression is sad, and when she speaks there is a slight quiver of the lips, that indicates something of the great grief ever present with



SCENE IN THE CANTON AUDITORIUM ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL DINNER OF HIS NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS, TO HONOR
THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY
Photograph by Peck, Akron, Ohio

her; the sweet smile, that will be remembered so well by those who met her at the White House, no longer illuminates her face when she speaks.

She goes to drive nearly every day, and everywhere and by everyone is greeted with a tender and sympathetic cordiality. Her general health is improving, and she is now able to take an interest in all the household matters connected with her home.

Mrs. McKinley is much attached to her younger relatives, and they often visit her. Her daily life is very simple, but she seldom spends an idle moment. After breakfast and her morning devotions, she usually takes up her crochet and has her correspondence and the daily papers read to her. About ten o'clock she goes for a drive, and is evidently alive to the progress being made in the different buildings in process of construction in and around Canton. On returning from her drive, she has a simple lunch and rests, and in the afternoon she takes another drive, usually either to the farm or to West Lawn cemetery.

As I passed out of the house, I noticed the old-fashioned petunias blooming in the great urns on either side of the path, and as they swayed in the August breeze, they seemed to bow in submission to the fleeting hopes and ambitions of that great campaign, so closely associated in the memories of his followers with the home and home life of President McKinley. That same Sunday I worshipped in the church which he had been accustomed to attend and with which he was connected, and here, too, his memory is kept green, for though the fourth pew was vacant, yet there was something in the service and in the bearing of the worshippers that told that the former occupant of that pew would never be forgotten.

The place is permeated with tender memories of the dead president.

On this birthday of 1905 I went in the

early Winter dusk across the park to the cemetery. The sentry was pacing to and fro and at the tomb I found an elderly lady, a stranger who had come from Illinois to pay her respects to the memory of McKinley. Obligated to leave the town that night, she had come through the blinding snowstorm rather than lose this opportunity of visiting the grave of the president she honored.

The work on the mausoleum, which is to be situated on the brow of the hill, is soon to be begun. The site selected for the memorial is a half-mile west of the receiving vault where the body of the president now lies, and not far from the original McKinley lot in West Lawn cemetery. From this spot there is a beautiful view of the lake and general landscape of the surrounding country, which is so intimately connected with the life and memory of McKinley.

The immense sum needed for this work, which is to cost upward of half a million dollars, is made up largely of the mites contributed by the working people whom McKinley loved and served so well. There are also the pennies of the school children, to whom the life of the dead president will ever remain an inspiration as a true and noble type of American statesmanship.

Go where you will in America—North, South, East or West, and mention the name of McKinley, and you have at once expressed the country's ideal of human sympathy. Despite the friction between North and South, this president was as popular in one part of the land as in the other, and now, in the heyday of our prosperity, we are enjoying the fruits of the epoch opened for America through the self-sacrificing spirit and wholesome heart policy of William McKinley. His only purpose was the truest welfare of the people. His only passport to their favor was sympathy, sincerity and truth, while, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," he served his brief term as their president and friend.



JOHN J. ESCH, JOINT AUTHOR OF THE ESCH-TOWNSEND
RAILWAY RATE BILL

CONGRESS AND THE RAILROADS

By REPRESENTATIVE JOHN J. ESCH

JOINT AUTHOR OF THE ESCH-TOWNSEND RAILWAY RATE BILL

MODERN industrialism which results in piling up a vast fortune for an individual or set of individuals at the expense of the many is now the object of attack throughout the country. Public sentiment seems to crave for monthly, weekly and even daily installments of "frenzied finance," and makes itself felt in criminal prosecutions, investigations and the enactment of drastic laws. "To him that hath shall be given" is still good gospel, provided the giving be reasonable and does not result in taking "from him who hath not even that which

he hath." In other words, in the yeasty state of the present agitation one thing is fixed: the people are demanding a "square deal."

Aggregated or individual fortunes of untold millions, ruthlessly acquired, selfishly hoarded, or wantonly expended account for this situation. There is no quarrel with wealth to amass itself in legitimate ways and in compliance with law and good morals. Wealth so accumulated is a boon to any people, but wealth wrung from the helpless or crushed competitor in defiance of law

may be a curse. The so-called trust or combination doing business on a monopolistic basis, and hence having power to fix prices and regulate the supply, is a concrete example of the objects of modern attack and criticism.

A history of the growth of the oil, sugar, coal and other great trusts has clearly shown the close relations existing between them and the great common carriers of the country—the railroads. The Kansas oil, the Santa Fe, the beef trust and the anthracite coal investigations make clear the dependence of trust upon carrier and carrier upon trust. The grant of a cut or secret rate, or rebate, or discrimination for the transportation of its product gives the trust a monopoly, destroys competition and as a rule raises the price to the consumer. So great have these trusts grown that they have in some instances dictated terms to the carrier and secured contracts of carriage which were barely remunerative.

It was the knowledge of the fact that great trusts and combinations owed their very existence to the railroads and their phenomenal growth and power to the favors received from the railroads that led in large measure to the present widespread demand for state and federal control of railroad rates. Specific complaints for which legal remedies are now sought are discriminations as to commodities and communities and unreasonable terminal, switching, industrial and private car line charges.

Unjust or unreasonable discrimination, as between persons or corporations, granted them by railroads in the form of secret rates or rebates, have been largely abolished by the enactment of the Elkins law in 1903, which required all railroads doing an interstate business to file and publish all tariffs or rates and charges, and punished by a fine of not less than one thousand nor more than twenty thousand dollars any railroad or its officer or agent giving, offering or granting,

or any person or corporation soliciting, accepting or receiving any rebate, concession or discrimination for the transportation of interstate commerce at less than the published tariffs.

President Roosevelt has declared in strong words that rebates must go. The leading railroad presidents of the country are apparently willing and even eager to go thus far with him, but balk at further legislation. When one realizes the millions of dollars annually lost to railroads by the willing or unwilling concession of rebates to powerful shippers or trusts, it no longer is cause for wonder that the railroads themselves should lead the crusade for a law behind which they could if they wished take refuge against unreasonable demands. That the Elkins act has not abolished rebates, that railroad managers still wilfully violate this very act which they desired to have enacted, that syndicated wealth still dominates the carrier, the recent disclosures before the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Santa Fe and private car line cases too clearly demonstrate.

It may be that rigorous prosecutions of a criminal nature brought to enforce existing law may have a salutary effect and lessen in large measure any violations of the rebate law which still exist. In this connection the managers of the carriers of the country, if sincere in their desire to end the rebate evil, and no doubt the large majority of them are, can do much by giving their hearty cooperation to the constituted authorities. However, even though this result be attained, unjust discriminations as to commodities and communities and the evil of terminal, industrial and private car lines would still remain.

It was to meet these evils, in part at least, that the house of representatives recently passed a bill which gave to the Interstate Commerce Commission the right, upon complaint and after full hearing, to order and declare what shall be a just and reasonable rate, practice,

or regulation to be charged, imposed or followed in the future in place of that found to be unreasonable or unjustly discriminatory. The grant of any such power to any commission no matter how able or how constituted has met with the strenuous and concerted opposition of the leading railroad officials of the country. They contend that the control of rates is rank paternalism, leads to socialism and government ownership, revolution and the confiscation of private property.

As to paternalism we answer that, as to the highways within the state, control over them at common law is vested in the state, and the right to fix tolls is unquestioned. As to interstate highways, such as railroads, congress has been given power by the constitution to regulate commerce among the several states and the fixing of rates is a part of such regulation. If the fixing of rates is paternalism, then it is paternalistic to exercise through congress a power expressly granted by the constitution. Were railroads private corporations, this argument would have force, but railway managers, magnates and presidents seem constantly to forget the public character of the corporations they control. They forget that they could not lay a rod of track through private property without the exercise of eminent domain, a sovereign right granted by the state. They forget that through state and federal land grants, amounting to millions of acres and imperial in extent, the construction of many of our largest roads was rendered not only possible but profitable. They forget how the inhabitants of cities, townships, countries and even states have taxed themselves to pay the bonds voted by them by way of direct, immediate financial aid. Being the beneficiaries of such aids and privileges, it comes with poor grace on the part of these common carriers to resent action by the government looking to the regulation of rates on the ground of paternalism.

It is further contended that such regulation will lead to socialism and government ownership. Who is responsible for the present growth of socialism in the United States? What causes its growth, where does it most thrive? It is common knowledge that the congested centers of population with infusions of foreign blood, where monopolistic control of public utilities oppresses the people, have been and will continue to be congenial to its growth. It grows by what it feeds upon. Its food is furnished by the excesses of aggregated wealth. No other agency has done more to promote socialistic sentiment than have the public utility corporations themselves. I am opposed to socialism as well as to government ownership, and yet it is because both these are possible if the carriers of the country are left longer to their own devices that I favor some reasonable governmental control, to the end that the railroads may be saved from themselves. Stubborn, unreasonable and unwise resistance by the railroads to what the country considers moderate yet necessary legislation may cause the pendulum some day to swing too far the other way.

It is further contended that to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power over rates would lead to revolution and confiscation. When the original interstate commerce act was passed by congress in 1887, there was neither revolution nor confiscation of railroad property although the commission, supposing itself to have the power, upon complaint and after full hearing, fixed rates. During the decade from 1887 to 1897, the year in which the supreme court decided the commission had no such power, there was an era of good feeling between the railroads and the shippers, resulting in the prosperity of both. During this decade the vast majority of complaints were speedily and amicably adjusted without demoralization to the roads or bankruptcy of their

property. Since 1890 no less than twenty-three states, following the enactment of the interstate commerce law, have established state commissions and endowed them with powers greater than those originally granted by the act of 1887 or those proposed to be granted by the bill which has just passed the house, and yet in not one of these states has revolution or confiscation resulted. All these dire predictions serve only to divert attention from the real objection to rate legislation, that is, that it would prevent taxing the traffic all it will bear. As freights are taxes, they are paid either by the producer or consumer, so that no household in all the land can escape payment. Shall this power to tax the very necessities of life be left wholly to those who are not obligated to the general public but are obligated to make dividends for their stockholders, and to make dividends oftentimes upon a capitalization highly watered? If railroads are the creatures of the people, through charters granted by them, ought not the people's interests to be taken into consideration when it comes to the fixing of rates? There must be some power somewhere over and above these corporations and independent of them to determine with absolute fairness their rights and those of the people they serve.

In these days when six or eight banking syndicates own three-fourths of the entire railroad mileage of this country, and in large measure control the balance, competition can no longer be depended upon as a regulator of rates. With unity of control and community of interest, a species of pooling already obtains and rates in consequence, notwithstanding great improvements in road-bed, rolling-stock and motive power and consequent reduction in cost of transportation have not only been maintained, but in many instances even raised.

With no power on the part of the gov-

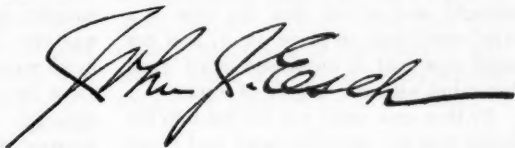
ernment to regulate the classification of freight, in 1900 the railroads of the whole country made an upward revision of the rates by raising articles from one class to the next higher class, resulting in an increase of the rate. By this act alone the public was compelled to pay, in 1903, \$155,000,000 more than it would have had to pay had the classification and rates of 1899, prior to the revision, remained in force.

It can readily be understood how, under the guise of classification, rebates and discrimination are possible. To prevent such discriminations as between commodities, power should be vested in an interstate commerce commission, appointed by the president and composed of men of experience, breadth, honor and ability. Such tenure of office and salary should be allowed as will attract the best talent and secure the best results. Before such a commission the delicate and complicated problem of rate discriminations as between communities and the important question of differentials can be brought with the confident hope that its findings will result in an improvement over present conditions, in an increase of stability of rates, and in an end of destructive rate wars. The evils of terminal, industrial and private car lines as at present conducted should be reached by this commission through authority specifically granted if necessary, so that no individuals or corporations distinct from the carrier can secure a disproportionate share of the rate, or levy tribute upon the public but escape punishment, on the ground that they are not common carriers.

No plan which makes the findings of such commission final without right of appeal either to existing federal courts or to a special legal tribunal will stand. The right of appeal is constitutional. A review of its findings must be provided for. With such review what fear can there be that this legislation will prove revolutionary or lead to confiscation?

This legislation is bound to come. The people demand that there shall be a strong, positive, unambiguous grant of power to the commission to declare "what shall be a just and reasonable rate, practice or regulation to be charged, imposed or followed in the future in place of that found to be unreasonable or unjustly discriminatory." Thousands of citizens, hundreds of commercial,

manufacturing and civic bodies, and the legislatures of fifteen states have petitioned congress to grant the commission such power. This widespread feeling is not temporary, not artificially aroused, but is abiding and spontaneous. Better meet the situation in a fair and proper spirit than through factious opposition and specious delay give the radical or the extremist his opportunity.



OLD GLORY

By J. A. EDGERTON

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

FROM islands asleep in the tropical deep,
 Past shores where the billows are beating,
 O'er hill capped with green and fair valleys between,
 Speed on when the dawn smiles her greeting;
 O'er broad, fertile plains where the god Plenty reigns,
 O'er mountains snow-crested and hoary,
 Sweep westward, but know that wherever you go
 The sunrise illumines Old Glory.

Through Golden Gate flee to the isles of the sea,
 Its folds still are rippling before you;
 Wherever you roam that fair emblem of home
 Lends light to the day that shines o'er you.
 It gleams on the seas as a promise of peace,
 But flaps o'er the battlefield gory
 At Liberty's call, a protection to all:
 The sun ever shines on Old Glory.

Wherever it waves, there the shackles of slaves
 Must crumble and vanish forever;
 The country whose winds kiss its colors, it binds
 With ties that no foe can dis sever.
 Its blue and its stars tell of Liberty's wars,
 And all men are learning its story.
 It floats 'round the world like a new hope unfurled:
 The sun never sets on Old Glory.

THE INSPIRATION OF ELIZABETH

By MABEL PERCY HASKELL

THE Honorable William Wells had made up his mind that he needed a wife. To arrive at this conclusion at the age of fifty-five was perhaps somewhat late, but the life of the Honorable William Wells had been so crowded full of thought and action that the idea of a wife could find no place in it, and not until now had it impressed itself upon his mind with any degree of force.

By this, one must not be led into the belief that the senator's heart had never been touched, for there had, indeed, been a very fierce love affair away back in his college days. It had burned itself out, however, and the years had softened it so beautifully that only a dim remembrance was left of something very sweet and very sad, but with no clear details of grief attached to it.

The Honorable William Wells was a great politician. At least that is what his townspeople said, and surely who, if not they, should be the ablest judges of his gifts. He had been very active indeed, politically and financially, and was now for withdrawing somewhat and taking more leisure, although he still desired to be considered a factor in town matters of moment.

He was very rich and very well connected. He lived in a good deal of state in a suite of rooms at the leading hotel of Randor, although he was the possessor of one of the most imposing estates in the town, situated on the main street and surrounded by superb gardens. He rented the place to some of his friends, who kept it up beautifully and invited him to dine with them once a week regularly.

He was, withal, very fine looking. In fact, he was called the handsomest man in Randor and people were very proud to point him out as a leading citizen—he was so ornamental that it spoke well

for the place. Always faultlessly attired, with a fresh, rosy face, close-cropped hair and moustache, appropriately tinged with gray, he was indeed good to look upon. He carried himself with a great deal of distinction, and had a slightly haughty way of holding his head that was very impressive, although this was in no way a reflection of his character, since he was never haughty in manner, although invariably invested with the greatest dignity.

The fact that the senator frequently paid long visits to Washington gave him an added claim to admiration in the minds of the good citizens of Randor, for they felt sure that so great and grand a personage must needs be among the most honored of the land, who held converse in majestic halls of state, making history; though if truth be known these visits held no political intent, but were merely in the nature of pleasure trips, the senator preferring to take his recreation in this manner, finding the association at the capital much to his taste.

Being thus esteemed both as a great and an ornamental citizen, it is easy to understand the fact that all the unattached maidens of Randor of a variety of ages held always a vague hope stifling in their bosoms; a hope that scarcely ever became analyzed into words, but which existed steadily until stilled by marriage with some less lofty personage, or crushed by infirmity.

Thus when the Honorable William Wells frankly signified his intention of taking to himself a wife, and of setting up a menage in the stately Wells mansion, there ensued a state of affairs that could scarcely be called anything less than a panic.

The announcement had been made very quietly by the senator himself at a dinner of the Horticulture Society, and

he had firmly expressed his intention of marrying within the year, if a bride to his taste should be found willing to share his lot.

The staid members of the Horticulture Society said very little in comment that night, other than to express their entire approval of the senator's views on the subject, supplemented by their ardent wish, gallantly tendered, that the fairest of brides might fall to his lot. But when they arrived home, in the bosom of their families, they let themselves go and gave vent to their astonishment, which was but a breath in comparison to the whirlwind of words that came as a response from the wives and sisters and daughters, and in every breast the stifled hope expanded suddenly and took to itself the complexion of possibility. Every unmarried woman and girl in Randor under sixty commenced preening and anticipating, for surely it would be someone in the town, the senator's loyalty to local sentiment being well known, and each eyed her neighbor jealously.

And what dreams were woven about the spreading Wells mansion; what vivid pictures drawn of grand dinners and grander balls, garden parties and afternoon teas; always with a fascinating background of fine carriages and numerous servants and a dazzling wardrobe.

As for the honorable gentleman himself, he gave no personal bent to his feelings, but let his fancies drift fondly toward an ideal that he had created out of his own brain. He would sit in his lonely but luxurious library after dinner and picture his future bride in the gray wreaths of his cigar smoke. This imaginary creature expressed herself in long lines of exceeding dignity and much repose of manner. She was very fair and gracious with a mind stored with knowledge and possessed of all the tact and savoir-vivre befitting a woman of the world. He vaguely pictured her in long, trailing, white gowns or glistening satins, presiding with splendid gracious-

ness over his table and his perfectly appointed household.

It looked very much as if the senator was becoming perfectly satisfied with his dream ideal, for he made no effort to seek a mate from among the pulsating hearts of the eager villagers and there was beginning to be an air of intense impatience pervading Randor, for it had now been six weeks since the startling announcement had been made, and to none had he yet been other than graciously polite and of his habitual gallantry, which could never by any possible chance be mistaken for love-making.



Little Elizabeth Parsons was a somewhat insignificant member of Randor society. She lived with her aunt, Mrs. Jane Bradford, in the little drab house just over the hill from the church, where the road broadens out to meet the old turnpike and beyond which are nothing but sweet-smelling meadows till one reaches the great dairy farm buildings beyond.

Elizabeth made her own little frocks and taught a Sunday school class of boys, which were the most distinguishing things that one could say about her, according to the average mind of Randor. She was very simple and retiring and utterly unobtrusive; had she suddenly slipped out of the village no one would have missed her, for not having attended school in Randor she had few if any friends among the young girls, and as for young men, she had never spoken with any of them.

She was eighteen years of age and rather pretty, though entirely unformed. She had gray eyes and golden-brown hair that waved back into a soft knot at the neck and was tied with a black ribbon. The fact that she made her own gowns was, perhaps, an excuse for her dowdiness, although she sometimes looked very dainty in her ruffled muslins of a Summer Sunday, seated among her

rather unruly boys in the little white chapel, with its windows open to the scented breezes.

Elizabeth had often watched the senator as he occupied himself about the town. She always looked for him when he came into church, for she had an intense admiration for the way in which he carried himself—she always felt that a prince must needs walk and look like that. He was very much of a hero in her eyes, although she had never cherished any of the undefined feelings of hope in her heart that the others had: that would have been something quite too far beyond the pale of possibility—her imagination never dared to such heights as that.

When the senator's intentions were announced and frankly discussed by everyone in Randor, Elizabeth heard a great deal of what was said. The fact that so great and renowned a man was really to take to himself a wife filled her with ineffable awe. What a vast honor for somebody; but who, indeed, in all Randor was fitted to fill so exalted a position. It seemed almost past belief that anyone could really hope for so much, and the subject occupied her thoughts almost constantly, although she never expressed them to anyone, not even her aunt, who had learned the news from a neighbor and occasionally wondered who the fortunate mortal would be. Elizabeth waited eagerly, almost fearfully, to learn who might be the chosen one, and as the days went by without further developments, she grew almost impatient and watched the senator with growing interest.



There was a meeting of the monthly sewing circle about six weeks after the now famous dinner, and there were ardent discussions on the great subject that certainly would have been very entertaining for the senator could he have been present. To Elizabeth

they were bewildering.

She had been sitting very quietly in one corner, sewing diligently on a blue-and-white checked apron for the missionaries, and everything said had sunk deeply into her young mind. She was strongly impressed with the fact, repeated in so many different versions, that it was very unfortunate that the Honorable William Wells would not seek a bride when he really desired one, for surely he could not expect the modest young ladies of Randor to presume to make advances. She bent over her work with flushed cheeks and sewed vigorously.

Suddenly she laid down her work and looked up with startled eyes. She glanced about at the people with genuine fear that any might have been looking at her, but no notice whatever was taken of her; she was always so unobtrusive that she was rarely considered in any way, and Elizabeth was grateful, for she believed for a moment that the power of her thoughts must have made itself felt upon those about her.

She folded her work carefully and put it in her neat sewing-bag, and with a whispered word to the hostess of the afternoon slipped quietly out.

She had made up her mind. She felt exalted and walked with deliberate intent toward the village to fulfill the promptings of her thoughts. She knew that at exactly four o'clock the senator would punctiliously cross from the hotel to the postoffice. It lacked a quarter of four now, and she walked steadily on along the white road, powdering in the August sunshine and stretching away before her to lose itself in a hot haze and the cluster of distant buildings that formed the center of the town.

She was not laboring under any excitement, but she was very eager; still she found time to stop and watch a flight of yellow butterflies in the sun, like wind-blown petals of pale flowers. Her eyes followed them in delight, and one might

almost have supposed that she had forgotten her mission, for she stopped also to gather a handful of early asters, that had burst forth their starry eyes under the Summer heat. She tucked the flowers into the belt of her lavender cambric frock and continued on her way, but always with eyes keenly alive to nature's beauties under the August sky.

Her little shoes got very dusty and she stooped down to inspect them ruefully; then she flecked them off with a handful of red-top and walked through a bed of clover by the wayside to finish the cleansing process.

When she reached the square, or common, as it was called, it lacked three minutes of the hour when it was the senator's custom to cross to the post-office. She looked over at the great, sprawling hotel that gave its long frontage to the road with endless windows, and it seemed to have acquired a new dignity since the facts of the senator's intentions had become known; indeed the hotel seemed almost to have acquired a personality, its long, sleepy windows appearing to have taken on an expression of pride and intelligence, and the spreading veranda seeming to smile at the girl who stood in the center of the common and looked across at it.

She smoothed down the folds of her lavender frock, gave her hat a touch to straighten it and sat down on an iron seat that nestled in the shadow of a spreading syringa bush, and waited the coming of the senator.

Exactly on the stroke of four he appeared in front of the hotel. Elizabeth saw him the moment he stepped in sight, and an expression of great satisfaction came into her eyes as she watched all his movements attentively. He paused in the center of the veranda and looked about him as if to see if any of his friends or acquaintances were there, for he always saluted everyone with becoming graciousness. The ver-

anda was deserted in its blazing heat, and he walked briskly down the steps.

He was cool and fresh in white flannel and wore a Panama hat, about which incredible rumors were afloat in Randor, some even venturing so far as to assert that the senator had paid for the very excellent article the sum of one hundred dollars. His tan shoes shone with their perfection of polish and the color of his pale blue and white shirt could be seen quite plainly from the iron seat under the spreading syringa bush.

To Elizabeth the senator seemed at that moment to be the very embodiment of masculine elegance and beauty. As he stepped out of the dusty road into the common, he drew out his snowy cambric handkerchief and daintily flecked something from his sleeve. The motion was noted by Elizabeth with quick delight, and she experienced the same satisfaction that she had known so many times in church when he had made some motion with his hands or head.

As he approached with his easy, swinging gait, Elizabeth rose from the seat. There was a great deal of color in her young face and her eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy. She stood very straight and tall and was entirely composed; she looked unusually pretty and made a really charming picture against the green of the leaves.

Upon seeing her standing thus, the Honorable William Wells swept off his Panama hat and bowed with the utmost courtliness and with a smile of exceeding beauty. To Elizabeth he had never appeared so superb, although there was no more of flourish in his manner on this particular occasion than on any other; but he, and all he did, had become glorified because of the sentiment that hovered about him.

"May I speak with you a moment?" the girl said simply. There was a brave, fine note in her voice and she looked him frankly in the eyes.

"Yes indeed, my child," he re-

sponded in his mellowest tones, showing his fine white teeth as he smiled, and pausing with much deference of manner, as was invariably his custom when speaking with anyone.

The girl hesitated a moment, not from embarrassment, but to choose her words with the utmost carefulness. The senator looked at her with a slight curiosity and waited.

"I wanted to say, Senator Wells, that I have heard that you wish to marry, and I wanted to say, also, that—I should like to be your wife, if you don't mind."

The senator's arms dropped to his sides with the shock of his amazement. For a moment he was completely non-plussed, and his astonishment was written on his face, and for once he lost the perfect command of his expression for which he was famous. For a moment the situation was tragic for the senator, but Elizabeth still looked him frankly in the eyes with the candor of the saints and never a faltering eyelash, which was the senator's salvation, for he regained his voice.

"Why, my child," he stammered, striving hard to get command of himself, "my dear child, I am quite overcome, I assure you, quite overcome, and I do not know what to say to you."

"Very well," she answered calmly, "I will wait until tomorrow; I will come here again and you can tell me then, when you are not so excited about it," and she smiled sweetly.

"No, no, child; not here. It is not fitting to make a rendezvous here. I will call upon you at your home tomorrow afternoon, and we will discuss the question calmly. Where do you live, my dear?" he asked suddenly, as if from inspiration.

"With my aunt, Mrs. Bradford, in the little drab house next the church; the one that has the deep garden place with so many bright flowers, and the hedge of lilacs at one side. I am Eliza-

beth Parsons, if you do not happen to know my name," she added.

"Ah, yes, child, I remember, to be sure—are you not General Parsons' little girl, who used to live over in Kilburn Center?"

"Yes," answered Elizabeth with beaming eyes; she had not dreamed that he had ever known her father or anything whatever about her beyond her name, possibly, and this intimate knowledge of something belonging to her life came as a delightful surprise.

"Ah," continued the senator, "I knew your father well; a great loss—his death—a great loss. I remember him well."

Elizabeth was grateful and thanked him modestly, then she bowed demurely and walked away, and the senator swept her a parting bow and looked after her for several seconds before resuming his way to the postoffice.

When Elizabeth told her aunt the next morning that Senator Wells was coming to call upon her, the old lady was quite frustrated by the news.

"What brings him, Elizabeth?" she asked with curiosity, but did not wait for an answer before going on to say: "I have not seen him for years—dear me, how time does fly; I haven't seen him since your father died, and that's going on eight years. He must be quite an old man now."

"No," said the girl, with the merest hint of protest in her voice. "He really isn't old, Aunt Jane; I think he is younger than you know; you will see this afternoon when he calls."

"What did you say he was coming for?" Mrs. Bradford asked again.

"I met him in the common yesterday, and he said he would call this afternoon to talk over something that I spoke to him about after I left the sewing circle."

The aunt did not notice that the niece's answer had given her no information, but went on to trace back the years to the exact time she had last seen the senator, assuring Elizabeth that

she was really curious to see how he looked.

Elizabeth received her distinguished guest in the little parlor, which was very cool and dustless and ugly. It had a decorous set of black mohair cloth furniture and a marble-topped center table carefully arrayed with photograph albums and the family Bible, and there was, besides, a cornerpiece of shelves, known as a "whatnot," which was generously laden with selected pieces of coral, shells, some gilt-edged books and a tall, painted-glass vase filled with immortelles of various crude colorings.

But Elizabeth herself was as beautiful as a flower, and quite made up for the shortcomings of the little parlor. She wore a white, sprigged muslin flounced fluffily and spreading about her in beautiful crispness. Her shining hair had its sunny waves bound about with a pink ribbon, and a rose from the garden was tucked artlessly into her belt. She looked altogether radiant and sweet, and glorious with innocent youth.

The senator looked at her with deep interest and noted quickly her gown and all the details. He was a man of unerring taste, and the perfection of the pretty Summer toilet was not lost upon him. Always gracious, today he was courtly to an amazing degree. He greeted Elizabeth, however, for all his grace, with the manner that one uses toward a child. He was quite composed and extraordinarily handsome.

He seated himself after his formal greeting and smiled blandly at the flounced beauty opposite him in the big, ugly black chair. He touched lightly upon various subjects — the weather, the distance Elizabeth lived from the center of the town, and the beauty of the garden surrounding the house. He assured her that he had noticed it many times in passing, but its true beauty was seen from the windows. It was truly quite the most beau-

tiful garden in Randor, he said, and when she told him, with a charming showing of pride, that it was all of her own making and that she spent her time in working among the beautiful annuals and perennials, the senator gaily declared that she was far more eligible as a member of the Horticulture Society than he was. This suddenly reminded him of the dinner given by that august body, and of the momentous publication of his own intentions at the time, and these thoughts made him straighten his square shoulders quickly and look gravely over into the eyes of the flower-like girl, who was gazing at him with the utmost attention.

The senator's voice was very gentle when he spoke again:

"My dear child," he began gravely, "I beg you will forgive my astonishment of yesterday; my only excuse is that what you did me the honor to say to me was so entirely unexpected that I fear I showed my surprise in a manner that may have wounded your feelings."

"Oh, no," protested Elizabeth, softly.

"I wish to say," he continued in a steady voice, "that you paid me the greatest possible honor. Yours is the candor of the lilies, child, and your words carried the sweetness of utter innocence. Elizabeth, I am astonished that I could have been blind so long to your exquisite loveliness, and I have come to humbly ask you to accept my heart, and to do me the inestimable honor of becoming my wife."

He leaned over and took her little passive hand in his and drew her gently to his side. He slipped his arm about her and she leaned her golden head on his wonderful shoulder and sighed happily. When he kissed her a moment later on her flower-like lips her face was radiant, and when Aunt Jane entered in her prim, old-fashioned toilet, made with exquisite care, she was so astonished that she sank back helplessly upon the

hair-cloth sofa and gazed at the smiling pair.

When she recovered from her amazement she gave them her blessing and afterward assured Elizabeth that she was quite correct in her statement as to the youthful appearance of the senator, for he had indeed astonished her with his youthful beauty. To say that Mrs. Jane Bradford was pleased at the turn of affairs is expressing it but mildly, but she never ceased to wonder over the matter, since Elizabeth had seen so little of the courtly senator, and was, withal, so quiet and unassuming a child.

To this day no one but the Honorable William and his wife knows the true facts of the case.

As for Randor, it was, like Aunt Jane, struck dumb, and like her, also, it has never ceased to wonder over the matter, though it has never criticised the senator's choice, since it has to be acknowledged by everyone that it would be impossible to find a more beautiful, gracious, or utterly lovely mistress to preside over the splendors of the lordly Wells mansion that is now the show places of Randor and has the most famous gardens in the county.

"BOW TO THE PRETTIEST, KNEEL TO THE WITTIEST, AND KISS THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE BEST!"

By ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

OH, "Forfeits" is the greatest fun!
My Grandpa said that everyone
Must play, because 'twas Christmas
night—

I heard one cousin told to bite
About six inches from the poker!
I ran to see if it would choke her;
But no, sir; with the poker near
Her face she stooped, and bit my ear!

And I'd a lot of things to do;
To "bow before the prettiest." Who
Could that one be? I looked all 'round,
But no one prettier I found
Than my own Mother; so I bowed
Quite low to her, and said out loud,
"I think that you're the prettiest one."
And Father whispered, "Right, my son!"

Then to the wittiest, on one knee,
I had to kneel. What that might be,
I didn't know; but I'd heard tell
Of "Mother-wit," so thinks I, "Well,
I'll kneel to Mother." So I knelt,
Before her; and she said she felt
Quiet complimented. Father smiled
And whispered: "Good for you, my
child!"

Then, let me see—oh, yes, the rest
Was, "Kiss the one that you love best!"
Of course I didn't have to think
About who that was. Quick as wink,
I kissed my Mother. "Oh, I do
Love you the best," I shouted. Whew!
How they all laughed! I don't see why.
But Father whispered, "So do I!"

THE WITCH-CROW AND BARNEY BYLOW

A MODERN FAIRY TALE FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

MALTA, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

VIII

THE two partners clattered down the stairs next morning, Mickey in the lead. Barely had they reached the open air, when a stalwart policeman collared the Irish boy and made a grab for his companion. But the nimble Barney eluded the officer's grasp and went ducking and dancing into the middle of the street. There he stopped, wheeled half around and looked back at his unfortunate chum.

"Come back here," the policeman called; "I want you, too."

Barney hesitated, his dread of arrest and imprisonment contending with his respect for a representative of the law and his sense of loyalty to his "pard."

"Come back here," the officer repeated sternly, firmly holding the squirming Mickey by the collar. "If you don't, it'll be the worse for you when I do get you. Come on."

"Don't you do it, Barney!" Mickey yelled. Tote de mail—take a sneak. You can't help me; I's pinched fer keeps. Pull y'r freight, I say! Get out o' town an' light fer home; de jig's up."

Still Barney hesitated; he felt it would be traitorous to desert his friend in time of trouble. The policeman made a move toward him, almost dragging the resisting Irish boy.

"Scoot! Mickey screamed frantically: "Skedaddle, Barney! Doesn't you hear me—hasn't you got a mite o' gumption? Dey'll jug us bofe. But maybe if you's out, you can find a way to get me out. Look sharp! Make a run fer it!"

The officer was close upon the country boy and reaching a great paw for him. Reluctantly Barney acted upon Mickey's

advice. One swift glance of friendship and pity and he turned and sped away up the water-front.

"Here!" the policeman bawled lustily. "Come back here, you young scalawag!"

But Barney kept on.

"Goodbye, Barney!" Mickey cried, his brave young voice quivering. Barney could not reply for the lump in his throat, but he waved his hand, and continued his flight without looking back.

An hour later, when he was many blocks from the scene of the distressing misadventure, he stopped, heaved a deep sigh, and stood gazing vacantly into a shop window, seeing nothing.

"I must find some way of getting Mickey out of this scrape," he mused dejectedly, digging his hands deep into his pockets. "I got him into it. No, I didn't, either; old White Feather got us both into it. The mean old thing!" his anger rising at thought of the Witch-Crow and her doings. "If I ever meet her again I'll stone her to death!"

"Haw, haw, haw! Haw, haw, haw!"

"Why—why, that sounds like her laughing now," the boy muttered, starting and staring all around.

No bird of any kind was in sight, but the stooped figure of a little old woman in black was just disappearing around a neighboring street corner.

"I wonder if that is White Feather," the lad whispered to himself; "it must be—I'm sure I heard her laugh."

And immediately he set out in pursuit of the familiar figure he had glimpsed. But on turning the corner he discovered nothing, nobody; not a soul was in sight in the direction in which the little old woman had apparently gone.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," Barney muttered peevishly. "I

guess I must be going crazy. I thought I heard the Witch Crow laugh, and I thought I saw her hobble around the corner, but it seems I didn't hear nor see anybody."

For a full minute he stood there, perplexed and wondering, absent-mindedly digging his small fists into his pockets.

Presently he brought forth in his left hand a creased and soiled card, and having smoothed it out in his palm he read:

MISS LILLIAN BRAINARD,
1492 E. COLUMBUS ROAD

Barney started.

"I'll go to her," he murmured under his breath. "She's the young lady that had the pretty ponies, and she said if I ever needed help to come to her. Well, if a fellow ever needed help, I need it now. I'll go to her right away. But I wonder where Columbus road is. I'm afraid to ask a policeman; I'll inquire at the drug store I just passed."

He acted upon his resolution, and learned that Columbus road ran east and west some eight squares north of where he was, and that the number he sought was several miles from the business portion of the city—far out in a new and fashionable residence district.

The druggist volunteered the information:

"It's a driving road; no car-line on it. You've got a hot walk before you."

"Uh-huh," Barney answered with an apathetic nod, and he turned and left the place, forgetting to thank the man for his kindness.

He found the street he sought, and trudged off eastward. Fifteen minutes walk brought him to a long bridge spanning the river. He crossed this and kept on. Little by little, he left the hurly-burly behind; more and more the aspect of the shifting scene changed. The city fell away; the country appeared on all sides; but still the broad ribbon of asphalt, hot and glaring in the Sum-

mer sunshine, stretched on endlessly.

"I ought to be nearly there," the boy grumbled, pausing to take a deep breath and mop the perspiration from his flushed face. "Surely I am nearly there. But this doesn't look much like a new and fashionable residence place—nothing but old orchards, and weed-grown fields, and tumble-down fences and barns." And he accorded the surroundings a sweeping glance of contempt.

"Well, I might as well move on," he muttered; "she lives out on this road somewhere, I reckon. Several miles! Well, I think—what's that?" The boy started back in affright as a large black bird flew across the road just in front of him, brushing his face with its wings.

"Caw, caw, caw! Haw, haw, haw!" it screamed hoarsely, flapping leisurely toward a tall dead tree in the adjoining field. There it alighted and unconcernedly began to plume itself. It was the white-feather crow.

Barney was hungry and heart-sore, and as a result was easily angered. This latest bit of impudence on the part of the Witch-Crow, as the lad viewed the matter, added insult to injury. So now he yelled frantically, shaking his fist in impotent rage:

"Never mind, old White Feather, never mind! I'll get even with you! You hateful old thing! O, I wish I had a gun! I'd follow you and shoot you if it took me all day. But my turn'll come. Never you mind!"

The crow went on pluming itself, giving no heed to the boy's intemperate speech. Perhaps it did not hear him, for the tree upon which it had perched stood at quite a distance from the highway.

"Oh, you can't fool me, old White Feather!" Barney blustered. "You can pretend you don't hear me—or pretend it isn't you; but I know; I saw the white stripe down your back. You won't answer, won't you? I'll see about that!"

Forgetting for the moment the urgency

of the mission upon which he had set out, the angry boy began to search from one side of the road to the other for gravel or bits of stone. He meant to climb the fence, draw near the tree upon which the insolent crow sat, and compel it to take flight. And so intent upon this new purpose was he, that he did not hear an approaching automobile speeding toward the city—that he gave no heed to the repeated sound of a shrill whistle, till the machine was almost upon him.

The single occupant of the vehicle was a young man. He swerved the auto sharply to the right, barely missing the urchin and almost ditching the machine in a deep gutter at the roadside, skillfully regained the center of the asphalt roadway, and brought the car to a standstill fifty yards beyond the place of meeting. But in the maneuver he was somewhat shaken up, his temper was ruffled, and his coat hanging over the back of the seat fell to the ground.

"Look here, youngster!" he cried sharply, turning and looking over his shoulder and panting with vexation and excitement. "I came near running over you. Why didn't you get out of the road? I whistled three times. If you want to dream you'd better go over there in the field and lie down under a tree."

"I wasn't dreaming," Barney answered indignantly, but shuddering at thought of the danger he had escaped. "I was just hunting for stones."

"Hunting for stones?" the young man said smiling. "What in the world did you want of stones?"

"To throw at that mean old crow over there," with a jerk of his thumb indicating the bird. "I meant to go over there and scare her away."

"O, that's it," laughed the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"And what has the crow done to you?"

Barney made no reply.

"Stolen your eggs?" the young man suggested.

Barney shook his head.

"Carried off your young chickens?"

Another negative shake of the boy's head.

"What then?"

No response from Barney.

"Well," the young man said petulantly, "if you won't tell, you won't. But I've fooled away enough time, and must be going. Want to ride?"

"I'm not going toward the city."

"Oh, you're not."

"No sir. I'm going out to see Miss Lillian Brainard."

"The deuce you are!" the young man exclaimed, his brows elevated.

"Yes sir, I am," Barney said sturdily.

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Well, I should say!" the young man chuckled. "But what do you want to see her for?"

"I don't want to be saucy," Barney said hesitatingly, "but—"

"But what?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business what I want to see Miss Brainard for."

The young man threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"That's cool," he shouted gleefully, slapping his thigh, "and it's true, too. You don't know that it's any of my business, but I know it is. I'm her affianced husband—perhaps, and I'm jealous of you—maybe." And again he roared with laughter.

Barney was nettled by the young man's hilarity. "I hope she's not going to marry you," he muttered in a fierce undertone.

"What's that you say?" the young man inquired quickly.

"I said I hoped she wouldn't marry you."

"Why?" with amused interest.

"Because you're not good enough for her—that's why," Barney answered boldly.

The young man instantly sobered.

"You're right—that's a fact," he said earnestly. "But how did you know it—how did you find it out? Come here and tell me."

Barney slowly approached the automobile and told the young man of his meeting with Miss Brainard and of her promise to help him.

"I bet you're telling the truth; that sounds just like some of her doings," the young man said solemnly, when Barney had concluded his recital. "She is too good for me,—or any other man, and no one knows it better than I do. But I must be going. Tramp out and see her; the house is about a half-mile beyond the turn of the road yonder. And say a good word for me," smiling. "Hello! Where's my coat? Why, yonder it is, at the side of the gutter. Bring it to me, please."

Barney obediently went to fetch the garment indicated, and the young man gave his attention to the machine. When the boy had restored the coat to its owner the latter remarked:

"I presume I didn't lose anything out of the pockets; I'll see, though. Here's my pocketbook, all right. Wonder if everything's in it."

Immediately Barney turned pale and began to tremble. He knew that if there had been money in the pocketbook it was gone and he scented danger. The young man opened the case of red morocco, and gave a sudden start.

"Why—why—" he began. Then he stopped short and looked the lad full in the face.

"What's—what's the matter?" Barney asked in a husky whisper, his dry lips hardly able to frame the words.

"My money's gone," the young man announced gravely, sadly.

Barney could make no reply, and the young man reached out and took him by the arm.

"Where is it—where's the money that was in this pocketbook?" he asked coldly.

"I don't know anything about it," Barney stammered.

"Yes, you do," the young man said severely. "Don't you lie to me!"

"I don't know anything about it, I tell you," Barney insisted, wriggling to get free. "I don't know that there was any money in the pocketbook."

"Well, there was, and you took it out," giving the boy a shake. "Shove it over; give it to me."

"I haven't got it," Barney pleaded truthfully. Let me go; you're hurting me."

"O, yes, I'll let you go!" the young man sneered. "You fork over that money, you young thief, or I'll take you back to town and hand you over to the police."

Barney was hungry, weak and miserable, and now he burst into tears.

"No use in sniffing," the young man said brutally. "You took the money—nearly eighty dollars, all in bills—while my back was turned. I believe you snatched my coat off the seat when I was passing you. That's it—that's what you were in the middle of the road for. But hand it over; and I'll turn you loose."

"I tell you I haven't got your money, indeed, indeed I haven't!" Barney sobbed.

"You're a lying little thief!" the young man cried angrily. "And you've been lying to me all the time about Miss Brainard. I'll see if you haven't the money." And he roughly went through the lad's pockets. Then, not finding what he sought and expected to find, of course, he was more angry than before, and he began to shake and curse the boy, and demand to know what he had done with the money.

Thoroughly frightened, Barney could only weep and struggle to get free. So the young man dragged him into the automobile and set out for the city, wrathful and recklessly running his machine at the highest speed.

And flapping in pursuit came the Witch-Crow, cawing delightedly:

"Haw, haw, haw! Bawrney Bylaw! Broke the law, law, law! Bed of straw, straw, straw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

IX

An hour later Barney was shoved into a cell at the city prison. The iron door clanged behind him, and there he stood in the middle of the floor, trying to pierce the gloom of the dusky interior.

"Well, hullee gee!" came an exclamation from a dark corner.

"Mickey!" Barney cried in mingled surprise and delight groping his way toward the dark corner whence the voice came.

"Yes, it's me—Mickey," the Irish lad returned, rising to a sitting posture and swinging his legs from the couch upon which he had been lying. "An' it's you, is it, Barney?"

"Yes," the latter replied, weakly dropping down beside his friend.

"Well, you's a bird, you is!" the Irish boy flared contemptuously.

"Why?" Barney inquired innocently.

"W'y!" Mickey snarled. "'Cause you is—dat's w'y. Lettin' de cops gobble you in, after you had de start you had. You's a bird, Barney, sure t'ing!"

"But the police didn't catch me," Barney answered.

"Naw?" Mickey questioned. "Come off! How'd you get here, den?"

Barney entered into a full explanation, and at the conclusion of the recital Mickey said with a gasp:

"Hullee! Barney, you is hoodooed fer sure—an' fer keeps! An' you's hoodooed me; an' we's bofe in hock. An' how we's goin' to get out is more dan I knows. A Witch-Crow! Hullee!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Both lads glanced quickly toward the grated window whence the sound came.

There sat the white-feather crow peering through the bars at them and chuckling and fluffing its feathers.

"You mean old witch—you!" Barney cried in a tempest of instant anger, dashing to the window and impotently shaking the grating.

The bird dropped from the stone ledge and flew away, cawing delightedly:

"Haw, haw, haw! Saw, saw, saw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

Mickey joined his companion in distress at the window, and both stood and watched the crow's flight over the rooftops—then stared at each other in dumb silence.

"Well, wouldn't dat jar you!" Mickey jerked out at last. "I t'ought all de time you was nutty—was out o' y'r head—dat dere wasn't no Witch-Crow. I jest pr'tended to b'lieve w'at you said, jest to humor you. But I saw it, an' I heard it—heard it talk! An' it laughed an' said, 'Saw, saw, saw!' jest as plain as anybody could say it. Wonder w'at it meant, Barney?"

Barney thoughtfully but dejectedly shook his head.

"W'y, looky here!" Mickey exclaimed, picking up an object from the window-sill.

It was a small, bright steel saw, and the two boys looked at it and at each other in blank amazement.

"It's a saw," Mickey whispered hoarsely, after an ineffectual attempt to speak aloud.

Barney nodded gravely.

"An' dat crow—'r Witch-Crow, 'r w'atever 'r it is—put it dere."

Again Barney nodded.

"W'ere do you s'pose she got it?"

Barney shook his head.

"Well, anyhow, she meant us to use it to get out o' here wid," Mickey declared.

"Eh?" Barney cried quickly, brightening visibly. "Is—is that what—what it's for?"

"W'y, course it is, numbskull!" Mickey exclaimed scornfully. "W'at did you s'pose it was fer—to trim our corns wid?"

"No," Barney said slowly and apathetically—but grinning in spite of himself.

"Well, didn't you hear de ol' Witch-Crow sayin', 'Saw, saw, saw?'"

"I did—that's so," Barney admitted, again brightening. "But what can we saw, Mickey? We can't saw these iron bars—of course we can't."

"Course we can," Mickey returned sturdily. "Dey's soft iron an' de saw's hard steel; it'll go troo 'em like—like anyting. We'll saw off one end of 'em and bend 'em out of de way. Den we can crawl troo de winder an' drop onto de roof below—'tain't more'n ten foot of a drop—an' skedaddle down de fire-escape. Ain't dat a scheme—say? W'en night comes we'll get out o' here. Ain't dat so—hey?"

And the Irish lad joyfully slapped his companion on the shoulder, to arouse him from his apathy.

"I—don't—believe—I'll—do—it," Barney announced deliberately, carefully weighing each word.

"W'y?" Mickey ejaculated in unbounded surprise.

"I don't think it would be right," Barney explained.

"Stuff!" sneered his "pard."

"I don't."

"W'y?"

"Because—because if—well, I don't know why it would be wrong," Barney stammered lamely, "but I think it would be. When a fellow breaks out of jail, everybody thinks him guilty of whatever he was put in for; and I don't want people to think me guilty of—of stealing. Then, they'd catch us again, maybe, and they'd keep us in prison longer than ever."

"Dat ain't no joke!" Mickey said with truth and unction. "But w'at's we goin' to do, den? De judge'll send us up fer somethin'; an' we hain't been doin' nothin'."

Barney had no solution for the vexing problem, so he replied: "You can break

out, if you want to, Mickey."

"An' leave you here?"

"Yes."

"Dat'd be real nice, now wouldn't it!" Mickey flared up angrily. "Well, I won't do it—so dere!"

"I ran away when the policeman got you," Barney remarked.

"Dat was differ'nt."

"How?"

"I was pinched; you wasn't. Now we's bofe pinched. See?"

Barney failed to "see," and so expressed himself; but Mickey scorned to offer further explanation, and the subject was dropped.

The turnkey came in with their diners and remained in the cell while they ate. When the fellow was gone Mickey suggested:

"Le's take a snooze; it'll help to pass away de time."

So the two tumbled down upon the couch in the corner of the room and slept until evening. They were awakened by the turnkey bringing in their suppers.

He said to them:

"You two'll be up before the judge in the morning. And you'd better tell the truth—better confess; he'll be easier on you."

"W'at's we charged wid?" Mickey asked.

"Don't you know?" returned the man. "Naw."

"You're charged with stealing—breaking open slot machines and tapping tills; he's charged with highway robbery."

"Hullee!" was Mickey's amazed ejaculation. "Dat's purty near as bad as bein' charged wid dynamite!"

And he stood and stared, his mouth half open.

"And the proof's dead against both of you," the turnkey went on; "and you'd better plead guilty."

Then he passed out and closed and locked the door.

"W'at you got to say to dat, Barney—

stealin' an' highway robbery?" Mickey asked, when the turnkey's steps had died out along the corridor.

Barney sadly shook his head, but offered no reply in words. After a reflective silence of a few minutes, Mickey remarked tentatively:

"Seems sort o' kind o' dat ol' Witch-Crow to bring us a saw; an' sort o' shabby in us not to use it."

Barney maintained a moody silence; and Mickey proceeded:

"It—'r she—'r w'atever de t'ing is—can't be as bad as you t'ink, Barney—tryin' to do us a favor o' dat kind. Wa't you say?"

"She's just trying to get us into more trouble," Barney pouted.

"T'ink so?"

"Yes, I do," positively.

"Maybe you's right," Mickey murmured thoughtfully; "you knows a heap more 'bout Witch-Crows dan I does. An' I doesn't want to know no more 'bout 'em dan I does—dat's a fack. I'll jest t'row dis saw out de winder; den I won't be t'inkin' 'bout gettin' out no more. An' w'en I does get out o' here, I's goin' back to my kit—back to honest work. I doesn't want no more easy money in mine—I doesn't."

"No, nor me!" Barney cried animatedly if ungrammatically. "If I ever get out of this scrape, I'm going right back home to—to mother and father."

His voice faltered and tears came into his eyes. "And I'll never growl again, because I have to work. Oh, I wish I was at home tonight!"

There came a sudden tapping at the window grating, and a hoarse voice cried:

"Haw, haw, haw! Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! Bawney Bylaw!"

Then there was a flutter of wings, and silence. Barney and Mickey listened intently, but no further sound came from the window. Evidently the white-feather crow had again taken its departure.

Lonely and dejected, the boys again lay down to sleep, their arms around each other. But the night was long, their rest was broken, their dreams were harassing, and they longed for morning—yet dreaded what it might bring to them.

X

It was nine o'clock next forenoon when the turnkey came into the cell and said briskly:

"The judge is waiting for you two fellows. Come along." Then, with a nasty grin, "And I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. His Honor's in a mighty bad humor about something; he talks gruffer and hoarser than I ever heard him, and then he's all trigged out in a way I never saw him before. He's got on a long black robe and a hood, and he just sits with his head down and don't have much to say. Oh, you chaps will catch it!" chuckling. "His Honor isn't a very big man in body, but he's a giant as a judge. But come on; he doesn't like to be kept waiting."

The boys—duly impressed with the thought of the court and the occasion—silently and soberly followed the turnkey up stairs to a large, uncarpeted room, dusky and depressing. The walls were bare, the windows were dusty and cobwebbed. From the center of the ceiling hung a gas chandelier, but the jets were unlighted. Stiff-backed benches stood about the floor, occupied by persons lounging in various attitudes, and at one side of the room was a tall desk and a revolving stool, upon which sat a black-robed and huddled figure.

The boys swept their eyes about the interior as they entered. In one corner Barney discovered Miss Brainard and the young man of the automobile, and Mickey became aware of the presence of the policeman who had arrested him, and nudged his companion and pointed a finger at the officer. Miss Brainard smiled reassuringly at Barney, and the

policeman nodded good-naturedly at Mickey.

Then Barney's eye lighted upon the person of the judge, and the country boy stared and gripped his companion's arm.

"Mickey!" he whispered agitatedly.

"W'at?" asked the Irish lad in a cautious undertone.

"The—the judge looks like old White Feather—the Witch-Crow!"

"Hullee!" Mickey gasped. "Now wa't does you s'pose—huh?"

"Sh!" cautioned the turnkey, pushing the two toward the clear space in front of the judge's seat.

The eyes of all the spectators were turned upon the two young prisoners, but the judge did not look up from the ledger he was thumbing. Everything was hushed to silence—a silence that seemed the lull preceding dire disaster.

"Mickey Marvel!" came in a hoarse croak from the tall desk.

Everybody started and exchanged wondering glances, and several shook their heads ominously. Barney turned pale and said to his companion in an awe-struck whisper:

"It is the Witch-Crow, Mickey!"

But the latter skeptically shook his head.

"It is!" Barney insisted. "Sh!" again cautioned the officer having the prisoners in charge.

And again silence reigned.

"Who brings the charge of stealing against this boy?" asked the judge, his hoarse voice breaking into a strident falsetto at the end of the sentence.

The policeman who had arrested Mickey arose and said: "Your Honor, I arrested him on the charge of breaking open slot-machines and tapping tills. But of the witnesses I depended on to convict him, some have failed to appear, while others decline to testify, on the ground that they know nothing of his guilt or innocence. So, Your Honor, I

recommend that the prisoner be discharged."

Mickey heaved a sigh of infinite relief, Barney looked the satisfaction he felt, and everybody breathlessly awaited the judge's decision.

"Mickey Marvel is discharged," came in a husky, muffled voice from the high desk."

But His Honor did not lift his eyes from the open book before him, and no one could catch a glimpse of his features concealed in the shadow of the ample hood he wore.

Then he went on:

"And officer, I sentence you to pay to the prisoner the sum of one hundred dollars as damages for false imprisonment, and to spend thirty days in jail. When court is adjourned you can pay over to Mr. Marvel the sum I have named and then go and lock yourself up. Haw, haw, haw!"

The policeman's fat face went white, and he collapsed into a rotund heap, his eyes bulging. The spectators sat and stared, open-mouthed, and Mickey gasped in sheer astonishment. Barney felt that surely the end of all things was near at hand, for the rattling chuckle of the judge was the harsh cackle of the Witch-Crow, to a nicety.

"Barney Bylow is charged with highway robbery. Who appears against him?"

At the judge's words, the young man of the automobile arose and came forward.

"Your Honor," he said, "I preferred the charge of highway robbery against the boy, but I've recovered my money and I withdraw the charge."

"Haw, haw, haw! Law, law, law!" cackled the judge. "So you've recovered your money, eh? Good—very good! Did Barney Bylow give it back to you?"

"N—o," the young man said hesitatingly.

"Didn't he have it?"

"I—I guess not."

"But you got your money back?"

"Yes."

"Miss Brainard restored the amount to you, to keep you from prosecuting the boy; I know all about it." The judge chuckled huskily, and the young man and Miss Brainard exchanged surprised and wondering glances. "Will you swear, young man, that Barney Bylow did not rob you?"

"Yes—no, that is—I—I—" And the young man stopped, covered with confusion.

Miss Brainard arose and came forward, smiling graciously.

"Your Honor," she murmured sweetly, putting a plump arm around Barney's neck and drawing him to her, "I'm ready to swear that this boy didn't rob anyone."

"Then the prisoner's discharged," the judge grumbled gruffly, "and court's adjourned. Now you people clear out of here, all except Barney Bylow; I want to talk with him."

The people began to file out slowly and reluctantly. Barney stood spell-bound, wondering what was going to happen to him. He thought of turning and dashing away, but, for some reason, his legs refused to perform their office. Miss Brainard put both arms around the lad and bent and kissed him, murmuring brokenly:

"There—there, dear! Don't fret; you shan't be hurt. Be quiet; I'll be in again soon."

He looked up into her face, and was greatly surprised to find that she much resembled his mother—only younger, much younger. Then he stood with eyes half closed, wondering what she meant by her words—wondering until his brain reeled and his limbs trembled.

With an effort of the will he aroused himself and swept his eyes around the big, gloomy room. It was empty of people, apparently. He was alone; Mickey, even, had deserted him. Involuntarily

he glanced toward the judge's desk. The black figure had disappeared. No! There it was, coming toward him mincing and teetering. It was the Witch-Crow—yes, it was the Witch-Crow in form and dress, but her hood was thrown back, and the face was the face of his mother—and beaming with love and tenderness!

Was it his mother, or was it the Witch-Crow? He wondered, he pondered, he puzzled. She came up to him, and he did not shrink from her. She put an arm around him and patted his cheek, and he nestled close to her! He heard her say softly:

"Poor boy—poor, dear boy! And you want to go home, do you? Well, shut your eyes, and when you open them you'll be at home; the doctor says you will. That's it—that's it! Close your eyes and sleep—sleep!"

Barney felt himself tottering, falling. Somebody caught him and laid him down gently. Then all was blackness—oblivion.

* * * *

"Why—why, I'm in bed!"

Barney raised himself upon his elbow and looked around him. But he felt weak and dizzy, so he lay back again.

"Yes, I'm in bed—in my own bed—at home," he whispered to himself, letting his eyes rest upon the well-known objects of his little bedroom.

It was so. There was the rag carpet and the prints upon the walls. He recognized the familiar pattern of the wall paper; he passed his fingers over the raised figures of the counterpane. He was at home—in his own room—in his own bed. The forenoon sunshine streamed in at the open window; the odor of flowers made the air sweet and heavy. He heard the birds singing, the chickens cackling. And who was that seated in a low rocking-chair near his bedside, her hands folded in her lap, her head bowed in weariness and light slumber?"

"Mother!" he called.

And he was surprised at the sound of his own voice, it was so weak and quavering.

His mother arose instantly and came to him.

"Yes, mother's here, dear," she said soothingly. Then, a pleased expression lighting her careworn countenance, "Why, you're awake—you're yourself, Barney!"

"How did I get home?"

"You've been at home all the time, dear."

"No I haven't," he cried petulantly. "I've been to the city; I've—"

She put her finger upon his lips and said gently:

"There—there! You mustn't talk any more for the present; you've been very ill for several days. You got overheated in the hay lot, and your father found you unconscious when he went to haul

in the hay. Now go to sleep again—that's a good boy. When you're stronger, you may tell me all about where you've been and what you've seen. Although"—smiling down at him—"you've told me much about it already."

Barney felt a delicious languor stealing over him, so he obediently closed his eyes and fell asleep again.

When he was stronger, he told his mother and father of all the vagaries of his delirium, concluding:

"The crow I saw in the tree, and the book I'd been reading—'The Waifs of New York,' that Uncle Dick gave me—made me dream it all, I suppose."

His mother smiled and kissed him; his father remarked dryly:

"There's a lesson in it, at any rate, Barney."

Barney grinned broadly.

"I've learned the lesson," he replied.

EDUCATION, THE SOUTH'S FIRST NEED

By GOVERNOR CHARLES B. AYCOCK OF NORTH CAROLINA

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

THE late Senator Hoar, in an address which he delivered at Charleston a few years ago, used this language:

"The American people have learned to know as never before the quality of the Southern stock; to value its noble contribution to the American character, its courage in war, its attachment to home and state, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotions, its aptness for command,—above all this, constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens. In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to constitute

a large measure both of strength and beauty."

When we read this splendid tribute to the South, all of our hearts swelled with pride and were glad. We rejoiced to find appreciation at the North—and a rarely beautiful expression of it—of our real character. The prediction that a great and magnificent future for our country was to be based in large part on the strength and beauty of the South brought to all southern people a distinct pleasure. The question now arises among us, however, as to whether, despite this prediction, we have any large part in the life of this nation, and if not, how we can secure and make good our proper share in the affairs of the country.



*Yours truly,
C. B. Aycock*

Today, it seems to me that we have less effect upon the thought and action of the nation than at any period of history.

Before the war between the states, southern statesmen directed the policies of the nation and filled the largest place in the eye of the people. They wrote few books, but their speeches illuminated every subject which they touched

and set the fashion of political thought. In this day it is not too much to say that what any southern man thinks of political questions or governmental duty carries no weight in their final settlement.

There must be a cause underlying this fact. What is it? How shall it be remedied? Until 1865, the southern states,

while in form a democratic government, were in fact an aristocracy, and out of this aristocracy they chose, as aristocrats ever do, their best men for public service. The wisest, the strongest, the most learned were ever to the front—they were the natural leaders of a brave and generous people, who followed their leadership with pride and pleasure. With the close of the war the democracy arose, and each man became a factor in the government of this country. Leadership was not so able or cultured. More blunders were committed and more unwise views propagated and believed in. Aristocracy was always trained. Democracy, if it is to be as effective, must likewise be trained. Universal education is, therefore, the imperative and only remedy for our loss of power in the nation.

But how shall we be trained? Are we to forget the memories of the past; to break away from our traditions; to join with those who are clamoring for the adoption of the convictions which we have combatted for so many years? I think not. No people can ever become a great people by exchanging its own individuality, but only by developing and encouraging it. We must build on our own foundation of character, temperament and inherited traits. We must not repudiate, but develop. We must seek out and appreciate our own distinctive traits, our own traditions, our deep-rooted tendencies, and read our destiny in their interpretation. We must put away vainglory and boasting, and take an impartial inventory of all the things that we have and are; and these things can only come to us through the training of all our citizenship.

We have in the South today our Hills, our Lamars, our Becks, our Vests, our Vances and our Hamptons, (all of them products of the period before the war) but no man can go throughout the country and lay his hand on the head of any single child and say that here is a

Lamar, here is a Vance or a Vest or a Hill or a Hampton or a Beck. It is the business of the schools to find for us these splendid children and develop them into these great leaders. If I believed in universal education for no other reason, this would be to me a sufficient one. But there are other reasons. We must educate everybody in our respective neighborhoods in order that we may have the benefit of competition and of appreciation. You may educate your son and daughter to the fullest extent possible, giving to them the learning of all the world and put them after their education in a community where there are no other educated people, and they will fail to develop and grow as they would if they lived in a community where there was general culture. The man who stands easily head and shoulders above his neighbors will never be very tall. If he is to surpass his neighbors and be really great, he must have neighbors who are almost great themselves. He cannot work out of himself the best there is in him until he is forced to do so by the competition of others almost or quite as strong as he. When the trainers of horses sought to reduce the time in which it took to trot a mile, they did not pick out a particular colt and train him for the track; the trainers all over the world were developing colts. Ten thousand of them were trained, until year by year the record was lowered, and when at last lovers of horses wanted to reduce the record below two minutes, after training thousands of horses for the purpose, they found one which they thought could accomplish the task. They did not put her on the track alone, but with two running horses ridden by boys, who with whip and spur pressed them on the heels of the trotter, drove her to her utmost speed, aroused her spirit of victory, maddened her with the fear of defeat, until, in one last mad burst, she broke the world's record to

one minute, fifty-eight and one-half seconds. Men must win their victories after the same fashion. In the race of life, if they are to win a victory worth winning, they must run against thoroughbreds. If we pass under the wire ahead of a scrub there is no honor in it.

We want the schools to find all of the strongest and best, and then we want to put these strongest and best in competition one with the other, until the fullest powers of each shall be developed. In doing this we shall get the largest contribution to society. When we have filled each man full according to his capacity, whether that be much or little, he will overflow, and the surplus belongs to us. It is the full fountain which, because it is full, overflows and makes the green grass grow and the plants to burst into flower. It is a full man, who, having all he needs, can contribute to the wants of others. It is needful, too, in order to get the best out of men, that we shall be able to recognize a fine thing when it is done. No man can speak to people who cannot hear. No musician can play for those whose ears are not attuned to harmony, and no man can paint for those whose eyes are not trained to see the beauty which he produces. There must be an appreciative audience before any man can do his best. If a woman sings her best songs and strikes the deepest chords of music when her sweetheart tells his story of love, it is because she believes that he understands and appreciates the beautiful thing which she is doing. If she closes her piano and puts away her music after the wedding, it is because she has discovered that the man whom she loves best does not realize the splendid talent that is hers. The woman who spends her days and nights studying light, shadow and perspective; who mixes her colors with her own life blood, can never create a great painting unless she feels that some heart will understand the fine thing she has done, and

some soul be uplifted by her work. If these things be true, and that they are I am assured, then it must needs be that the finest things can be done only by the education of the masses.

It is education that finds and brings out for us the noblest and the best. It stimulates these best to the utmost exertion and fullest development by putting them in competition with others just as well trained as themselves, and it gives to us the noblest and most appreciative audiences. When this thought shall become the guiding thought of the South, and our school teachers shall work all the time to their utmost until every son and daughter of the South is the thing that God intended—then, and not till then, shall we take our rightful place in the American Union.

To reach this place will cost us much—much money, much toil, much sacrifice; but everything that is worth while always does cost much, and indeed the finest things can only be had at the highest prices, and then only when paid for in advance. No speech ever yet fell from mortal lips worth remembering a moment after it is delivered that did not come after the speaker had paid for it in advance. No song was ever sung that raised the hearts of the people and made them long for better things that was not sung after the singer had suffered all she sang. No preacher ever stirred the souls of his congregation and put them to yearning after "a closer walk with God" whose sermon was not made after his own hands had been nailed upon the cross by the side of his Lord and Master.

The South which bore so much, sacrificed all of her wealth, and gave the life of her young men in such numbers as to appal the historians, ought to be able to do anything necessary to achieve the best things that are to be found in the world. We must learn all that can be learned, do all that can be done, and be all that we ought to be. The learn-

ing and doing will not give us power until we are what we ought to be, for power permanent and lasting must finally be based on righteousness.

When the war between the states closed, and the incomparable leader of the southern armies cast about to find the work which he ought to do, he became a teacher. General Robert E. Lee, the greatest soldier of the nineteenth century, was greater in peace than in war. He realized that the South could only be made great, powerful and controlling through the school-house, and he devoted the last years of his life to the high purpose of teaching. When he came to die, tossing on his last bed of illness, his mind reverted to the titanic struggle through which he had passed. He fought over again the great battles of that awful conflict,

and as he stood in imagination before the serried ranks of the enemy he cried out to his aide, "Tell Hill he must come up."

We are fighting today a more terrific battle with the forces of ignorance than he was fighting then. If I had the right to use the great words of this mighty man, I would call out tonight and say: "President Alderman, President McIver, President Mull, Chancellor Kirkland, Chancellor Hill, President Thach, President Fulton, President Boyd, President Taliaferro, President Prather, President Jesse, 'you must come up.' Bring all your corps of light and truth and power. Open your batteries, for the conflict is now on with the enemy. The powers of ignorance and darkness are arrayed against us, and the fight must be to a finish. 'Tell Hill he must come up.'"

WINTER MOONLIGHT



A Photographic Study



MY BARBER

By J. F. CONRAD

DES MOINES, IOWA

IF this is not human nature laid bare, I don't know it when it gets in my way. The other day I was being shaved by a loquacious colored barber. He was as full of the English language as the Iowa supreme courts are of dissenting opinions; and whether he was telling the truth or lying he was equally interesting. It struck me, though, that he was more natural when he turned his imagination loose, and let it run on and on untrammelled. The talk started first about a case of embezzlement that had come to his notice. From this he told me about a little bit of embezzling that he had been guilty of once. His landlady had given him five dollars to pay on rent. It was in the evening, and, as my barber said, she "ought to have had more sense than to trust a nigger with money after supper." After he received the money he went down town, he said, feeling important. It was the first time anyone had ever trusted him with anything outside of his salary. He went on to say: "I was feeling proud of myself, and I had made up my mind to do business for that widow woman in such a way that she would look up to me and select me from among her boarders, and ask my advice about things. As I was going down town I had about concluded to tell her that she had a boarder or two that she ought to look out for. I knew it was a kind of a mean trick; but I wanted to pay her for the confidence she had placed in me. Most of the way down I walked on my toes; and I was a warm, warm coon. I belonged to a club where occasionally we rolled the 'cubes.' I had to pass the place that evening. When I got opposite this place where we were accustomed to meet, I heard one of the boys call out: 'Come 'leven.' I just thought I would go up

and see if he made his point. That was a fatal move. That night, when I finally went home, in my dreams I saw everything through a set of iron bars; and the funniest thing about it was, I seemed to be behind the bars and still I was outside looking at myself. I don't know how long this dream went on; but when I woke up I was in a cold sweat. This is what made me:

"When I went up in that club-room—well, you could hardly call it a club-room, either—there were several of us barbers, and some waiters, and a few other fellows had joined together, and the main object of the 'corporation' was, to see who could make his point the oftenest, and occasionally to find out, incidentally, who was bluffing. This night when I went up, I had seventy cents. I didn't intend to play, but I just happened to look out at the window and I saw the moon over my right shoulder. There wasn't a limb in the way, not even a leaf. It seemed to me a clear case of good luck. I laid down a dime, spit on my hands and rolled the 'bones'; 'seven' came up. The other man laid ten cents on mine, and I rolled them again; then 'leven' turned up. I glanced over my right shoulder, and there was the moon, still in view, and nothing in the way, and I just let the forty cents stay; then I threw again. This time 'Little Joe' came up. You know that is four in 'craps,' and it's a hard point to make. I rolled the 'ivories' about a dozen times; finally, 'Little Joe' came up; that was eighty cents. I was gettin' sporty, and I saw visions of a barber shop of my own, and I let it set. I threw again, and I made 'seven.' It seemed to me it was the easiest way to make money that I ever saw. There was one dollar and sixty cents, and I

never touched it. I throwed again, and I made my point. (I don't know what it was, but I made it.) Then I unbuttoned my vest, and I started in to take everything in sight. I won once more, mighty near a week's salary, and I kept at it till I had sixteen dollars in money. I didn't think anything could beat me. I gathered the 'bones' again; all my money was on the table, and I was chock full of enthusiasm. Then I throwed 'craps.' It was all gone! all gone! Still, I had sixty cents left. The moon was still where I could see it over my right shoulder. I couldn't help but be lucky, and I put down my whole sixty cents; I tossed the 'bones,' and 'Big Liz' came up—that is, a ten-spot. I kep' on rollin'. Finally, I throwed 'seven'; my money was all gone. Still, I had the five, and the moon was shinin' over my right shoulder. I reached down into the watch pocket of my pants, and I fondled that five. It was so warm that it seemed to give me pain about where appendicitis sets in. I turned 'way, like I was goin' down stairs, but just as I got to the door I came back an' wanted to know who called me. I knew mighty well no one did. No, sir, I couldn't get 'way from that crap table for the life of me, as long as that V was burning 'way in the right-hand corner of my abdomen. I leaned on the table and watched another fellow throw the 'bones.' He won a dollar an' a half before he lost, then he passed the dice to the next man. The fever was on me, an' the blood was 'way up in my neck. I pulled that five-dollar bill out of my pocket far enough to see one corner of it, then I jammed it back again. I knew it wouldn't stay there. I could still see the moon over my right shoulder, and it seemed to me it was like flyin' in the face of Providence not to take the chance an' get rich. Well, if you have ever been there, you know what happened. I lose; then I send another one after it; neither of them came back. I had given up the

idea of gettin' rich, but I was frantic to get back the two I had lost. I knew the best thing for me to do was to quit and go back to that kind-hearted widow an' say: 'Mother, your curly-headed boarder has throwed you. Forgive him, and take him back again, an' feed him once more on fried mush an' liver.' But I didn't do it. I still had three dollars with which to win back the lost two. There isn't any use of my tellin' you what I did. I jus' hung onto those 'bones' until the last cent was gone. I had suffered so much while was I losin' that five, that I felt relief when the las' cent was sent through the little slit in the table. When I started to go down stairs, happened to look down at the floor, and right under the edge of the table there lay a fifty-cent piece. I finally got it. It wouldn't do the old lady any good, and the moon had gone out of sight. So, I thought I would go out and spend it, an' I did; blowed the whole fifty cents in for whiskey. Was I drunk? Fully. Say," he went on, "do you know there are lots of people who can't tell when they are full?" I told him that I had failed to speculate on the subject much. "Well, sir," he said, "I can lay you down some rules that'll give it to you about right.

"Now, here is one: When you get so you can't hear your feet light on the sidewalk, don't try to take more'n another one.

'Here's another: When you are walking along the street and every person you meet looks like someone you have met before, it's a good time to look for the road home.

"When you go home at night an' go to bed, if you reach down an' get hold of the bottom of your night shirt, an' pull it aroun' your neck, an' think it's the sheet, it's a sure sign you're good an' drunk.

"If you get up in the mornin', an' put on one shoe an' then pick up the other one, an' look at the sole of it, to see

which foot it goes on, you had better go up the river an' fish awhile before goin' to work.

"These ain't all the rules I know of by which you can tell when you're full, but they are sufficient for a new beginner. Jes' what time I got home that night I can't tell, but nex' mo'nin' when I come down to breakfast the other boarders were eatin'. I didn't look up at the old lady, but I felt her eyes light on me, an' they said jes' as plain as if she'd shouted it out: 'Where's my five?' Then she had to go out in the kitchen, an' while she was gone I flew. Yes, I flew, an' I hadn't any idea where I was goin' to light. When I went down town that mo'nin', I had a notion to walk as far south as I could, an' then give a runnin' jump. I know now that they wouldn't have done very much to me, but at that time I didn't know whether they sent a man to jail for embezzlin' five dollars, or whether they hung him. As a matter o' fac', it didn't seem to me like it would make much difference. You see, I'd never been up for anything, an' I'd always tried to be straight; but I felt like there was a yellow streak in me; an' I knew it would crop out some day, then I'd be a goner. I never could pay back that five, an' I knew it. I couldn't run away, for I hadn't a cent, an' I hadn't any more credit than a fiddler for a dance.

"When I got down to the shop, I stopped an' put on my little white coat an' went to work. I thought I'd work awhile, an' then I'd take down with somethin' an' be sent to the hospital. The difficulty was, I didn't know jis what disease to take on, but it seemed to me that a pain in the head, with dizzy spells, was about the surest road to the hospital. I don't suppose I'd been in the shop five minutes when in come a policeman. He made straight for my chair. I hadn't noticed that mine was the only vacant chair in the shop, an' I was sure he was after me. Did you

ever feel absolutely certain that an officer was after you, an' you had no chance on earth to explain or get away? I'll tell you how it is. You begin to git cold first in your fingers an' toes; then it creeps up your arms an' your legs; then it gits hold of your heart; an' then the skin on your head seems to draw, an' your hair seems to stan' up. But that isn't all. When it gits into the bones an' strikes the marrow, then you feel as if you was froze solid, an' you feel jis as cold as a cake of ice. I looked aroun' at the other fellows, but they didn't seem to notice anything wrong, an' I kind of whispered out, (I'd lost my voice) an' I asked him what he wanted. He says: 'I want you to shave me.' I felt a relief for a moment, but to save my soul I couldn't strop my razor. It slipped off once an' cut a big gash in my britches. But I got through with him, an' he hadn't any more'n got out of the chair until in come a constable that I knew. If I'd had forty dollars an' anybody had wanted to bet me an ole razor strop ag'in' my forty that that man wasn't after me, I'd taken him. He never even looked at me, but climbed in another chair.

"The strain was gittin' too much for me, an' it seemed like it was a good time to git that pain in my head an' grow dizzy. I give a groan an' fell over a stool. It didn't create the commotion that I thought it would. The man with the razor in his hand stopped a minute an' says: 'What's the matter with that coon?' I tried to be so sick I couldn't talk. But he come 'round an' jerked me up, an' says: 'Git out on the sidewalk an' git some air; you was drunk las' night.' I felt hurt, but I went up out of the basement an' stepped out on the street. It had snowed a little bit that night; jis about a half an inch; an' I was standin' there, wonderin' what to do, an' I looked down at my feet an' I saw somethin' green. It looked kind of like a stamp off a package of 'Ole Style.'

There was only a corner of it stickin' up, an' I reached down an' pulled it out an' it looked like a ten-dollar bill. I couldn't believe my eyes. I unfolded it an' I rubbed it, an' I looked at it ag'in. Then I had a notion to call a man that was standin' across the street an' ask him what it was. But in a second I knew that was a fool trick. I walked 'roun' a block, an' I looked at that bill 'bout twenty times. It wasn't worth anything to me unless the bill was good, an' I made up my mind to try it. There's no better place in the world to see whether your money is good than a saloon. So I stepped in an' I leaned up ag'in the bar. I was afraid to ask for a drink till I found out about that bill. So I finally says: 'Have you got change for a ten? An' I laid that bill on top of the bar; an' when the bartender picked it up an' put it in the drawer, an' laid out ten roun' silver dollars, I jis thought I was goin' to die. I put nine of 'em in my pocket, an' I pushed one of 'em over toward him, an' I says: 'Give us the best you've got.' I took a drink of fifteen-cent whiskey, an' I got a ten-cent cigar, an' I went back to that shop; an' if you'd been there you'd a thought I owned it. I never felt so good in all my life. If gettin' religion is any better, I'd like to

try it. The boss looked at me, an' I could see that he was sayin' to himself: 'A little fresh air and a drink makes a heap of difference with some people.' I didn't fool 'round long until I had that receipt for the old lady's five. I was anxious to see her, an' I hadn't very long to wait. While I was standin' there jinglin' those four white periods in my pockets, I noticed the old lady goin' down the other side of the street. I rushed out on the sidewalk an' called to her. She stopped, an' I ran across the street, bareheaded, with the receipt in my hand. 'Mother,' I said, 'I forgot to hand you this at breakfast time; I was jis on the point of goin' up to the house an' tell you how it happened. I was afraid you might be uneasy about it.' The old lady took the receipt, an' it seemed to me she looked kind of foolish. Jis as sure as the world is a foot wide, she was goin' up to see that real estate agent. I have been insolvent five hundred times since then, but have always managed to get 'round where I could pay up; but I have never seen a ten-dollar bill that brought the intoxicatin' joy that one did.

"Lo'd man; you have a lot of dandruff in your hair! I have something here that will— Never mind? Wet or dry? Dry."

A MADRIGAL

By HENRY D. MUIR

GROSS POINT, ILLINOIS

O the sky, how blue it is!
O thy love, how true it is!
O the earth, how fair it is!
O our life, how rare it is!

And though Time reaps all of them,
Now we'll heed the call of them,
Mid the heart's delicious strife —
Nature, Love and Life.

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

NEW YORK CITY

(Publication of this story was begun in January.)

VIII

ON Wednesday Justin took the train to Wadehampton. His thoughts during the journey were bitter and hopeless. A letter received from Margaret that morning, while it had extended his reprieve, seemed to conceal under its vague language a grasp upon him of iron. He must embrace destiny in the shape of this pale, unlovely woman, though his arms were outstretched to take to himself a goddess.

He was feverishly anxious to see Diana in the setting of Croftfield Manor, to see her with Sir Henry. Removed to this bleak, unbridgable distance from her, he could yet watch her, as a soul in torment might watch one of the blessed moving on to some supernal creation of joy.

He was glad of the days before her coming, that he might familiarize himself with the details of the place which was to be hers.

Croftfield Manor was a page from an Elizabethan chronicle; an ancient, gracious house, whose chambers and corridors, whose wide halls and rooms of state bore that look of distinction which can only be imparted by the residence of generations of the same family, creating an undying soul through the continuity of their hopes, the singleness of their honor. Here the dead abode with the living; watching, it would seem, over each new heir from the hour of its first cry to his sepulture under the carved effigies of his race. In the gallery Justin traced the features of Sir Henry, through Victorian and Georgian worthies back to the splendid and melancholy cavaliers of Vandyke.

The young American, sensitive to all

forms of beauty, came under the spell of the old, dim house, as Sir Henry had, perhaps, never done. Justin found his host an all too delightful companion, every hour with him but strengthening his belief that Diana must be in love at last. The two walked and rode together, sometimes without leaving the great park, which was one of the glories of the Manor; examined the treasures of the library together; spent much time together over the plans for the restoration of the wing. Justin suffered through the beauty of it all, and through the despair which it excited. He saw her in every place — in the drawing-room when the accumulated sunshine of three hundred English Summers seemed prisoned in the pale gold of the sparse, stately furniture; in the shadows of the scholarly library, where the high light shone through emblazoned windows; in the wide, sweet gardens such as Herrick loved.

* * * *

"Sir Henry, I fear that you are an optimist."

The baronet looked at Diana in gentle, admiring wonder. He could not always understand whether this beautiful American girl was speaking in jest or earnest.

Her character was enigmatical to him, but his love for her was the most certain thing that had ever come into his life.

"Are you averse to optimists?" he asked, with that curious shyness in his manner which always surprised her, knowing as she did how much he had lived in public; though she was beginning to understand that the reserve of the English character drew sharp divisions between public and private life.

"Optimists make you uncomfortable,"

she answered with a smile, "because you are always afraid of destroying the bubble by a careless gesture."

"So you think it is a bubble," he said.

"Yes, but a beautiful one. All the colors of the rainbow are in it. Where are you taking me?"

"To see the chapel. There is an entrance to it from the garden."

"Even your religion is secluded and exempt," Diana said.

"My ancestors built these private chapels, not I. No, this way."

He led her along stately walks, flower-bordered, between clipped hedges, and past crumbling sun-dials bearing the motto of his house.

"One of my guests, Mr. Justin Morris, whom you already know, occupies himself so strictly with his designs for the ruinous wing, that I fear we shall not see him before dinner," Sir Henry said, adding, "I have enjoyed his society greatly. He seems to combine strength of character and of intellect in an unusually high degree."

"He seemed such a man to me," Diana answered, adding, "I never knew him well."

There was no betraying look or flush in her face, though Justin's image was almost a part of her own personality, so constantly had it dwelt with her since her parting from him in her New York home. Hope and longing and all the claims of a first passionate love had dwelt with her, too, until a few days ago when she had learned from Mrs. Craig that his reengagement to Margaret was imminent.

The news had seemed to confirm the old dreary myth of her power of enchantment: so easily felt, so easily broken, as she thought, in her despair, by time or absence. True, she had told him that she had been playing with him, but the lie was to prove him, and now seemed justified. Removed from her influence, he had gone back to accus-

tomed channels of feelings; would never come to her with his record of fidelity to receive the truth at last from her lips in her first kiss of love.

Her pain was too heavy upon her to admit of her seeking its cure; nor did she wish it to go, if love must go with it.

The chapel, a Gothic structure, was an addition of the Horace Walpole period of the eighteenth century, but so heavily covered with ivy that, despite its soaring lines, it had become congruous with that portion of the Elizabethan house to which it was joined. Entering it by a door from the garden, they found themselves in a green twilight, the effect of the veins over the narrow windows which were filled with plain glass. Only the chancel window was stained, and beneath its crimson glories of some apocalyptic vision of the beatified a pure white marble altar was reared.

When their eyes had become accustomed to the dimness they saw two other figures: Justin with a drawing-board and near him the Bishop, both conversing so earnestly that for a few moments they seemed unaware of the entrance of Sir Henry and Diana.

The rustle of her dress on the stone floor drew their attention. Justin rose, pale as the marble of the tomb he was copying, but the Bishop's genial countenance shone out by contrast with a secular welcome in the holy place. He broke the silence.

"Mr. Morris is copying for me the tomb of your grandfather, Sir Henry. The canopy seems to me remarkable for its lightness and delicacy of design."

Meanwhile Diana extended her hand to Justin.

"I am glad to meet you again," she said simply.

"I am honored," he replied, bowing, and turned again to his work.

Sir Henry, a keen-eyed lover, observed this exchange of greetings with surprise, conscious of he knew not what

element in it that seemed unnatural. The young architect's words were formal, his abrupt resumption of his work not formal enough. Diana looked pale and troubled.

The Bishop turned to her.

"Do you admire this chapel?"

She smiled.

"I have not a soaring soul. I cling close to the earth."

Sir Henry looked puzzled. He had not been able to discover whether Diana was deeply religious, or not religious at all. Her head would adapt itself to no halo in his collection, yet she seemed sometimes to possess a keenness of spiritual insight which pierced the crimsons and purples of his ornate creed, like a beam of pure, white light.

"Just what do you mean?" asked Sir Henry.

"My words were literal," she answered.

The Bishop made one of his musing remarks: those cobweb speeches by which he delicately veiled angles of conversation.

"A private chapel has always seemed to me to possess a peculiar sanctity, as if it sheltered the definite ideal of righteousness, which one family in the course of its growth has been able to evolve."

"The family religion, the family jewels, the family plate—" Diana said dreamily, but her voice held a promise of the audacious. The Bishop, who had her confession locked deep in his heart, now wished to take Sir Henry away, lest a possible mood of the girl, induced by Justin's presence, should cause the baronet that pain, keener than any other, which springs from bewilderment.

"You said you would show me the older chapel, Sir Henry. Would it be convenient to go there now?"

"Certainly, Bishop, let us all go."

Justin looked up.

"If you will excuse me, Sir Henry—

I would like to finish this drawing before dinner."

"I will stay and talk with Mr. Morris," said Diana, who knew that perfect frankness is the mother of incredulity.

Sir Henry looked regretfully at her an instant, but he was too well bred to question the wish of a guest. Justin continued quietly drawing the canopy, which overhung the recumbent figures of a man and woman, their placid, aged faces composed in a hopeful sleep. When the bishop and the baronet were departed, Diana seated herself on the steps at the base of the tomb, a vital figure whose clear, intense face shone out oddly in this place of the dead.

Justin went on drawing.

"Are you drawing all the dead?" she asked at last, a whimsical smile for an instant on her lips.

Justin looked up inquiringly. His outward calm was held with an enormous effort. He feared the pencil would tremble in his hand.

"There might be three, you know," she added.

"You do not look a part of that monument," was his answer. "Are you already claiming a distant right?"

She understood, but she met his eyes bravely.

"The right of the only inheritance we are sure of—yes—six feet of earth."

"And foreign soil at that?"

Again the implication. This time she flushed.

"I would choose the soil I love best."

He was silent.

"May I congratulate you," she said, "on the happy termination of a year of misunderstanding with Miss Bentley?"

"There was no misunderstanding—at least on my part. I understood both you and her," he added, conscious of too much starch in the statement.

Diana laughed.

"To understand one woman is miraculous—to understand two is fabulous.

What am I, dear sir?"

"Just what you claim to be," he answered bitterly.

A shadow passed over her face.

"And Miss Bentley?"

"Remains Miss Bentley," he said.

He clutched his drawing-board, resisting his imperious desire to go to her, to kneel beside her on the steps of the tomb, and tell her everything that was in his heart. But he belonged to Margaret.

"You leave me still in the dark."

"You have always the undimmed light of your great art to guide you," he answered. She turned her face toward the stained window.

"Ah, yes, I remember. I am an artist. I also suddenly recollect that I have no heart."

Justin arose and began to gather up his drawing materials.

"When you are married you may acquire one."

"You have reversed the process. I shall not marry until the article is in my possession."

"Keep it there," Justin said. "Never give it to anyone to play with. Keep it with your other toys."

"They're all broken," she said wistfully, with a quiver of the lip that he did not see.

"Naturally, being hearts, they were broken when they came into your possession."

"Justin!"

All the color left his face. He looked at her as if he had not heard aright. She had risen to her feet, was facing him with an expression in her eyes that was too incredible.

He took a step toward her; then the memory of her words a year ago held him.

"You were easy to play with—all idealists are—I played."

He gazed at her steadily. The love beating against his lips for utterance must go down again to its darkness and

its chains. He could not be her dupe a second time, even though his soul was more than ever hers.

"You do well—but the comedy is over," he said coldly.

Her eyes darkened with sudden, blinding pain, then she recollected herself.

"My test was successful," she said. I told you that you were under a spell—the spell of some fantasy. You have proved that I am right. You desired to serve me, to win me, yet within a year a year of my withdrawal, you are so far recovered that you go back to the lady who had rightfully broken the engagement with you because she saw that you were preoccupied. Now, at least, you know where you stand. You should be grateful to me for looking ahead."

She spoke with a calm dignity that held no bitterness, but her soul was heavy within her. His name had involuntarily escaped her lips. The trap was no trap, but the sudden revelation of her true self. If, as she had at first believed, his reengagement was of Margaret's contriving; if he still loved her, Diana, he would have come to her across any chasm at that call from her heart. That he did not come confirmed her dreary belief in the unnatural nature of the power she had had over him; a mere physical magnetism dependent upon propinquity.

"Yes, I know where I stand," Justin repeated.

He would not again dishonor his love for her, by dragging it out for her amusement. The memory of her voice as she spoke his name intolerably hurt him. Such trifling demeaned her. Was this disposition so deep-rooted in her nature, that even her better ideals could not overcome it?

"Why do you set traps for people?" he suddenly exclaimed. "It is neither dignified nor noble."

"For their best interests," she said quietly.

"But if I had obeyed the call you put in your eyes!"

"I am not given to suppositions. You did not obey it. I pronounce you cured."

* * * *

Mrs. Craig was quietly happy that evening as she watched her Diana against the background of Sir Henry's lovely home. The only American girl at the dinner party, she suffered no disadvantage from her juxtaposition to the English maidens gathered for the occasion. Her dark beauty, her air of aristocracy, her self-possession, her gracious manner put her above every one of them as the fittest wife for Sir Henry. She had, besides, that appreciation of the past—stronger perhaps in certain types of the unfettered children of a great republic than in the members of any of the nations to whom modernity is a mistress, the past a wife—that appreciation of old traditions, old histories, "unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago," which made her sensitive soul congruous in this stately setting.

That night Mrs. Craig sought her in her bedroom. Diana was seated in an oriel window, whose lattice overlooked the beautiful garden.

The matron sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Dreaming, Diana? It is an odd look to see in your eyes, but how happy it makes me. Sweetheart, you are in love."

"Yes," said Diana simply, "I am in love."

"Sir Henry is a noble gentleman. I wish he were an American, but you'll always remain in America in heart."

"Yes, I will always remain one in heart."

"Has he spoken, Diana?"

"Not yet."

"How happy he is going to be. Tonight he seemed like one in a dream. He has great self-possession, but his eyes continually followed you."

"It is good to dream," said Diana. "Down in the chapel yonder are two who will dream of joy always, for they are lying side by side."

Mrs. Craig looked troubled. The carved effigies of the dead were not happy symbols.

"I never quite understand you, Diana; but, then, there is only one in the world who need understand you, and you will soon be his."

There was no answer. Mrs. Craig turned at last and saw, to her amazement, that the slender form beside her was shaken with heavy, tearless sobs.

* * * *

To Diana, the hours of Sunday dragged by, each bearing the weight of its own peculiar misery, as her thoughts went from Sir Henry to Justin, and from Justin to Sir Henry. Added to her unhappiness in her belief that she must love in vain was a positive fear of the gentle baronet. She dreaded the hour when he would speak, shrank from the pain which she must inflict upon him. In her suffering and bewilderment, the first of a life singularly poised and confident she envied those curious women whom men never made love to, indeterminate creatures, occupying limbo in a universe of feeling.

Through the day she saw nothing of Justin, who chose to take his host's words with the utmost literalness, joining the party only at dinner. But his absence was a relief to her.

After dinner, a shorter and earlier meal on this day, that the servants might attend, according to the desire of their master, the evening service at the parish church, the baronet asked her to walk with him in the garden over which the late, lovely twilight lingered, still golden, belonging less to the night than to the day.

Diana, in her gown of white, seemed to concentrate in her person the fading radiance. Her face, full of suppressed feeling, looked spiritual and dream-like.

Sir Henry glanced at her timidly. He had met at last the unaccounted-for woman, which is the woman a mature man loves.

Words of deep feeling did not come easily to his lips. For a few moments he walked by her side in a silence which she made no effort to break. Since she had to go through with it, it was better to have it over at once.

At last he spoke.

"Does it need words to tell you what is in my heart, to tell you I love you?"

Diana was silent.

"I have loved you almost from the first day of our meeting. Will you be my wife—Diana?"

Her look was sad.

"I am grateful; I am honored. I appreciate more than I can say such a tribute from you, but I cannot—"

She broke off, gazing at him with appealing eyes. The pain that she had dreaded for him blanched his face.

"You cannot what—?" he said, bringing out the words slowly, as if afraid to ask the question.

"I cannot marry you," she answered in a low tone.

"Will you tell me why?" he asked, his voice not firm.

"Because I do not love you. Everything else is there, admiration, respect, liking, but not—the one thing."

"Do you not think that you could learn to love me?" Tender entreaty was in his voice, a beautiful homage like the visible expression of the man's soul.

Diana shook her head.

"No, we never learn to love."

He bowed his head, walking by her side with a step that had lost all buoyancy.

"May I ask a question?" he said at length. "Is it that you love someone else?"

Her smile, sad, fleeting, was for a moment her only reply.

"I think I will give over looking for

love in this world, and will now seek the source of it. I jested over your Gothic chapel yesterday, but those upward springing lines must sometimes comfort you. I would like to follow them for a while."

He turned his pale face to her.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your religious spirit has said many things to me during these months. I begin to understand why religion is a refuge."

"We think it is, until we love."

"No, we think it is after we love."

He shook his head impatiently.

"I cannot comfort myself with shadows. I want you. Is there no hope for me?"

"None, Sir Henry."

"I cannot take this as final. This cannot be final."

She sighed.

"It hurts me to hurt you; but I shall not change."

"Will you never marry?"

"I think I never will. I think I will devote my life to other things. I would like to have your faith, your spiritual second sight. You have made it seem so beautiful to me. I will try to see what you see, though it is not natural to me."

"Let me teach you what I know so imperfectly," he said in a reverent voice. "Let me teach you as my wife."

"That can never be." Her voice, sad, final and strangely hopeless, told him that further urging would now only weaken his cause.

They walked back to the house, a mass of irregular outline in the heavy dusk. Mrs. Craig and the Bishop were pacing a terrace in front of it. From the opened windows of the drawing-room came the sound of a Chopin prelude, played tenderly.

Mrs. Craig's keen eyes saw at once the air of dejection in Sir Henry and Diana's aloof, sad manner. Yet she could not quite believe that the girl

had refused him. Had she not said herself that she was in love?

The four stood a few moments in a somewhat halting conversation, then Sir Henry, excusing himself, went in to his other guests. The Bishop, after a few turns on the terrace, said that he was going to the library to examine a rare prayer book of Edward the Sixth.

Left together, the two women continued their walk in silence. Mrs. Craig did not know how to broach the subject uppermost in her mind, and Diana's remark on the beauty of the night was not enlightening. At last she stopped short and faced the girl.

"What did you say to Sir Henry! He looked like a ghost."

"I refused him."

"Diana, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did."

"But why?"

"Why does a woman generally refuse a man?"

Mrs. Craig was silent a moment.

"But you said last night you were in love."

"I am."

The amazement in her face deepened.

"Then why in heaven's name have you refused him?" She stopped, gazed at Diana, her lips parted. "You don't mean to say you're in love with someone else."

Mrs. Craig's voice was incredulous.

"Would it be so extraordinary, Ursula? There are other men in England."

This, then, was the meaning of Diana's sobs the night before, regarded at the time as a natural nervous apprehension, though such nervousness fitted in ill with the matron's previous knowledge of Diana's character and experience. Still there is a vast difference between looking on at the emotional cataclysms of others and having one of your own. Diana's first love might affect her like any school girl.

"But, my dear, why aren't you happy, then?"

Diana faced her. "Because my love is not returned. He doesn't want me."

Mrs. Craig laughed incredulously.

"Doesn't want you! Is there a man living who could resist you?"

"I am not acquainted with the numerical figure of the male population of the globe, so I can't answer you. But there seems to be a reasonable number whose peace is undisturbed."

A flash of her old humor crossed her face, which Mrs. Craig noticed for the first time was thin and pale. Was Diana jesting? Was she really suffering from an unrequited love? She could only half believe it. Her mind went over all the men whom Mrs. Gaylord had spoken of as being attentive to the girl during her year in London, but none seemed to her an appropriate or worthy custodian of Diana's broken heart. Diana with a heart at all was wonderful; with a broken heart was incredible. This was almost a case for the Bishop's superior judgment.

And to the Bishop Mrs. Craig went at her earliest opportunity that evening.

"What do you think—" she began, her eyes big with her news.

"I think that Diana has refused Sir Henry," he said with a little smile.

"Who told you?"

"Sir Henry."

"When?"

"When he and Diana came up the terrace, and he talked with us a moment."

Mrs. Craig laughed.

"Of course, being a Bishop, you read men's souls. It's no credit to you. It's a part of the profession. But that's not all my news. Now prepare yourself, Diana has a heart."

The Bishop did not flinch.

"She has a broken heart."

The Bishop smiled.

"Dear cousin, so has everyone."

"Oh, no they haven't; they haven't"

character enough to suffer, the majority of them.

"It takes character to deal with suffering, I admit, but it's not a requisite for suffering, as I have observed."

"Well, the incredible is true; the impossible has happened. Diana is in love, and the man doesn't want her."

"O, doesn't he!" said the Bishop.

Mrs. Craig turned on him sharply.

"Do you know who he is?"

"How should I?"

"My own brain is tired guessing," she said.

"Why not wait and see?"

"There won't be anything to see. He doesn't love her."

"I don't believe that," said the Bishop musingly.

"She says so."

"She must be mistaken."

"You are jesting about her. I want to help the poor child."

"How would it help her for you to know the man's name? You couldn't make him propose—though you are a capable woman."

"Don't be teasing. Help me out."

"Well, do you think it's Justin?"

"Of course not. He and Margaret have renewed their engagement; besides, he has only seen Diana once or twice since my house-party, not counting the present occasion, which you see for yourself he doesn't improve. As for that meeting, it was accidental."

"I always knew it."

"Then why do you suggest Justin?"

"You asked me to help you out. Did you say," he added, "that Margaret and Justin have renewed their engagement?"

"They are about to renew it. It's to be kept quiet. Naturally, they don't want a blowing of trumpets over a matter that came to grief once."

The Bishop nodded, but his kind eyes were inscrutable.

Diana, when Mrs. Craig left her, joined one group then another in an absent-minded way, but finally made her

escape unobserved into the garden, now bathed with the silver of a young moon. Beyond the garden and the wide lawns the great trees of the park wove enchanting shadows, the soft rustle of the night wind in their leaves sounding like a fairy invitation to far-off glades and deep, dewy mysteries of green.

She followed the path that led to the garden door of the chapel; this door she found wide open, and she softly entered. But someone was there before her. Kneeling upon the chancel steps was the figure of Sir Henry, his face raised to the east window, through which the moon shone, making a delicate, dim glory in the place.

She withdrew as quietly as she had entered, overburdened with what the scene had told her. As she went down the steps with bowed head, a figure emerged from the shadows. The next moment she was face to face with Justin, his features as white in the moonlight as if carved in marble.

She put her fingers to her lips, as she laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Don't speak. Come with me."

He followed her. It seemed to him that she must hear the beating of his heart. When they were some distance from the chapel she said:

"Sir Henry was at prayer. I was afraid that he might know he had been observed. Were you coming to pray too?" she added with a little smile.

He flushed.

"My interest in the chapel is an architect's. May I ask if Sir Henry's prayer is one of thanksgiving?"

Diana's eyes regarded the beautiful scene before her. Again she smiled to hide her pain.

"He has much to be thankful for," she said.

"May I ask if he has you to be thankful for?"

"Are you satirical?"

"I am deeply in earnest—though cured."

"No, he has not me to be thankful for—if that is a cause for thanksgiving."

"You have not refused him!" Justin said, looking at her with grave, astonished eyes.

"You have no right to ask what I have done," she answered quietly. "But I choose to tell you that I have refused him."

She faced him with a proud look.

"Poor Sir Henry!"

"Don't pity him. He will probably recover—as the others have done. The pang is sharp but short."

"And dying is a momentary thing," Justin added.

His heart was crying out to her. Intensified by this new knowledge, the love he had struck down into prison was beating against its bars. His deep blue eyes looked into hers with question unutterable. She saw and turned her head.

Then the desire came upon him to hurt her if he could,—that desire of wounded and bewildered love which may seize even a noble soul.

"Who is next in this curious gallery? Did he say many things in his own behalf?"

The cool mockery in his voice made him seem a stranger to her. She longed to take his hand and to ask him to be at least simple and true with her who had said much to hide her soul, nothing to reveal it. But she had made him believe in her insincerity and he had not loved her enough to disprove it.

"His words were few. He is an Englishman," she answered.

"They have stubborn memories, these English. They are not so fortunate as we are.

"Why do you do it? If you, yourself, can't love, why hurt others?"

"Their injuries are never permanent."

"Why injure them at all?"

"Toys."

"Yes, always to amuse yourself."

"We take toys to forget, my friend."

They were silent a moment. About

them the night wind murmured. The stars in the low English sky seemed near and friendly. Nature was in a caressing mood. The scene was an invitation, a benediction, but the two who had most need of the blessing stood aloof, doubting and hurting each other. She longed to ask him to be indeed simple and true with her; she longed to tell him the truth at last, but the thought of Margaret held her. If Justin had ever really loved her, Diana, he would never have sought to renew his engagement.

His soul was kneeling at her feet while his lips mocked. Only mockery could successfully bar the words he must not utter because a few days before a woman had clung piteously to him, asking him to take her again to his breast, her only refuge.

He held out his hand.

"I hope your comedy of masks will have a long run. May I bid you good-night and good-bye?"

He bowed and left her.

Alone with herself, the beauty of the night became intolerable. An impulse seized her to hurry after him, to beg him to believe in her, even though he did not love her. Life without his belief was a harlequin stage. But the past claimed her.

She found herself at last walking in the direction of the chapel. One refuge remained to her.

It was empty now. She entered and seated herself near the tomb where two, united, slept. All about her were the symbols of the inner vision, the prophecies of the unearthly goal. She pondered upon it with a new interest, a deeper gravity.

Well! She could at least devote her life to good works if not capable of such high dreams of spiritual destiny as Sir Henry seemed to be.

When she arose at last and turned to go, she was face to face with the Bishop.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "They want you at the piano. A

neighbor of Sir Henry's is arrived with his violin."

"Why did you come in here. No one ever sought me before in such a place."

"Because I thought you would be here."

"Why did you think I would be here?"

"When people are not happy they go into the open air, or into a church."

"So you knew I was not happy?"

The Bishop smiled.

"Your face told me that."

"Bishop, I want to ask you something," she said abruptly. "Are there not sisterhoods in the church?"

"Yes."

"I want to join one. I am not a very religious person, but I think I would be a good worker. Children like me, and poor people. And perhaps if I worked hard, I might some day 'know of the doctrine.'"

She spoke with a wistful timidity, in

striking contrast to her usual gay nonchalance.

"Could I join one?" she added, as the Bishop remained silent.

"The church needs your joy more than your sorrow, and I fear it is your sorrow you are bringing to her," he answered.

"That is true."

"And you come because life has disappointed you."

"That is true."

"Well, they rarely bring their hopes and joys," he said musingly. "It would, perhaps, be unnatural if they did, since few women are made for nuns. When do you return to America?"

"At once."

"If you feel the same at the end of the Summer, come to me. I may be able to find a place for you."

"Thank you, Bishop, I will feel the same. I have made up my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAFCADIO HEARN, A DREAMER

By YONE NOGUCHI

TOKYO, JAPAN

HE was like a figure painted by a French impressionist. He was a man who found his joy and love in stars. He was a dreamer. If he had written poetry! His fancies always wandered among the roads of the Heavens. He had a distinguished passion and a genius clear like a looking-glass, which enabled him to express things in more exquisite form and with more crystal touch than was in reality in themselves. He had a pen few writers indeed could handle. His work for Japan and the Japanese was greater, doubtless, than Sir Edwin Arnold's, than Professor Chamberlain's or Professor Aston's, all of whom have done work for which Japan is grateful

eternally. But what a hermit was Lafcadio Hearn! He was never what is termed sociable. All of his thoughts and fancies cannot be said to have been wholesome, nor was his judgment altogether fair. But the influence he had upon his students—those more close to him than any else in Japan,—was great and inspiring. He taught them to love the beautiful and the good, and above all to have warm sympathies with the world of men. Professor S. Uchi-gasaki of the Waseda University in Tokio, was one of Hearn's students when the poet-writer was teaching at the Imperial University. "I studied under him from 1898 to 1902," said Professor



THE LATE LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPANESE DRESS

Uchigasaki. "He lectured between nine and twelve hours a week and not one of us felt that his hours were ever too long. On the contrary, we always grieved that they could not be longer. It was universally known that he hated to see anyone at his home, but he was another person in his lecture room, being most exceedingly kind and diligent. He never missed in his duties as a professor at the university, attending every day and never being late for even one hour. He usually carried a small note book in the class room, which had in it, however, only some name of a book or author, the date and a few other simple things, and he gave us the lectures—such remarkable lectures that we will not easily forget—entirely from his memory. His memory was indeed wonderful. Sometimes there were a few written lectures, criticism on poetry, the history of English literature, the outline of European literature and others, most beautifully written in themselves and full of interest and charming with a grace of style. He taught us to see the creation of Almighty God."

It was some fourteen or fifteen years ago—in the Summer of 1890, I believe—that Lafcadio Hearn first landed in Japan. And he became a teacher at once in the Matsue Middle School in the Province of Izumo;

He was a man of silence and meditation. Nobody was told why he came to Japan. He had, however, a certain Eastern blood, since his mother was a Greek. He naturally wished to be in the real East and study it. And then, too, he was ambitious to make of Japan his own field, as Stevenson made of Samoa, as Charles Warren Stoddard did of Hawaii. He was most fortunate to find himself in the province of Izumo to begin his Japanese study, for, as everyone knows, Izumo is supposed to be the oldest place in Japan, and it is the seat of Oyashiro, the greatest Shinto shrine. It was the original place of the

Shinto religion, so in the study of old Japan Lafcadio Hearn could not have chosen a better place. He was supremely glad to be in Matsue; that was his first love—of Japanese places. And it is beautiful there, for the Great Bridge river, Ohashi Gawa, runs through the center of the town to the lake. And there by the lake shore are giant old pines and cedars, thick as laurel tangle, and over their summits is seen the roof of an ancient castle.

So here Lafcadio Hearn stayed and studied every phase of Japan, closely, sincerely, minutely, as was his way. The fruits of his Matsue and Izumo wanderings appeared in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." When these sketches were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* he became recognized as one of the best descriptive writers of the English-speaking world.

It was while he was a teacher at Matsue that he married the daughter of an ancient samurai family, Setsu Koizumi, and he adopted the name of his wife; thus he is spoken of always in Japan as Mr. Koizumi. From the Matsue school he removed to the Higher Middle School of Kumamoto, in the province of Higo. Here it was that his oldest boy, Kazuo, was born. Upon leaving Kumamoto some time later, Mr. Hearn became the editor of the *Kobe Chronicle*. And soon after he came to Tokio to occupy a chair of English literature at the Imperial University, and from the Imperial University, two years ago, he resigned to take a position in the Waseda University, which position he held at the time of his death in September last.

His history is tumultuous and sad. He was born at Leucadio, on Santa Mora island, one of the Ionian group, of Greece, on June 27, 1850. It was the home of Sappho. Lafcadio, Mr. Hearn's Christian name, was the Greek pronunciation of Leucadio. His father was a military surgeon, an Irishman

from Dublin in the service of the British army. He had been ordered to Greece when occasional troubles there demanded the presence of European armies. He fell in love with a Greek girl whose parents and relations would not recognize him, and who planned to break off their communication at any cost. The story is told—I do not know how true it is—that her brothers waylaid him by a mountain road and attacked him, nearly killing him. He fell, from the sudden blow on his head, and was left there. But later he escaped. Some have said that the Greek girl found him and nursed him back to life. However it be, the two were married secretly on the eve of his departure for Leucadio, where he was ordered. And from that union sprang Lafcadio Hearn. He used often to say that he had one younger brother, but did not know where he was, nor even whether or not he was alive.

When Lafcadio Hearn's father was called back to Dublin he took his wife so young and beautiful and his two boys. The young wife was extremely shy and dreaded to meet strangers. Our Lafcadio Hearn inherited his sensitive temperament from his own mother. She rarely went out and disliked to learn English. The little boys she dressed always in the Greek style and they even wore earrings, Mr. Hearn said. They attracted much comment and attention, and on the street wherever they went they were stared at. So also was their mother. She carried a Greek atmosphere wherever she went, but she acted very like an English woman. She was lovely to her husband and to the two old ladies who were his aunts, and there were some sweet years.

Then there happened a catastrophe which abruptly broke up the family.

We are not told what it was nor how it happened, but only that Lafcadio Hearn never forgave his father because he divorced the Greek wife and married

an English woman. Later Lafcadio's father was sent to India by the government, where he died from fever. The two little boys were left in the care of their great-aunts. Their own mother married the Greek lawyer who had advocated her case and left Great Britain forever.

The two gentle old ladies were devout Catholics, and they decided to educate Lafcadio Hearn for the priesthood. As there were no other heirs by the second marriage of his father, considerable money was left. Lafcadio was sent to Paris when he was fourteen years old, to a Catholic school. Here it was that he learned how to write and speak French in so masterly a manner. But he disliked the Catholic education and the Catholic temperament. He secretly decided that he would not become a priest. More than that, he became radically opposed to Christianity and conceived some striking repugnance to western world education. And he leaned toward the old, sweet customs of Japan. All this in secret. He did not speak out to the two old ladies because they were so earnest and so pious. But in his nineteenth year he suddenly received news that the guardian of the Hearn property had failed and everything was swept away. There was not one cent left for him, he was told. However, he was glad for this for one reason, that he could be free like a butterfly.

He sailed to America to find his fortune. He landed in New York and wandered from there to Cincinnati, and from there to New Orleans. He became a printer by trade, and later a reporter and editor. Many interesting stories of his life are told among the American newspaper men, but Lafcadio Hearn seldom spoke of his experiences, only to speak of America, the northern portion, as the "bitter mother." His Greek temperament and French culture became frost-bitten as a flower in the North. He could not possibly stand the severity.

So he sought and found comfort in the southern cities, and for some years he settled in New Orleans. Here he began to make his translations from the French authors, Daudet, Pierre Loti and others. Some of these were published by Brentano of New York. They were said to be almost equal to the original in the true meaning. Then he was sent to the West Indies by Harper's, and his studies there were considered remarkable in descriptive power and delicacy. His name became speedily recognized. Long before we had him in Japan Lafcadio Hearn was well known as a literary artist. He was given a richness

in passion and imagination from a Greek mother and an Irish father. And he was educated in France and he lived in the sweet old South of America. And his temperament and fancies became richer and more luxuriant. What a soft wind blows in the South! Such a passion! Such an imagination! One in the South will not fear the sublimity of the Universe, perhaps, but he will be eternally drunk in mystery and sacredness of God's creation.

He will cry—touched by the secret of humanity. He will laugh loud by the music of the Southern seas.

So—Lafcadio Hearn!

THE LONE TOURIST ❁ A Photographic Study

By FRED A. ELLIOTT

CHENANGO FORKS, NEW YORK



THE MASTERS OF OUR RAILWAYS

By EDWARD D. TITTMANN

RAILROAD EXPERT OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

IF the most rabid agitator against railroad combinations and the so-called Railroad Trust who now makes the community reecho with his tirades could be transported back three score years and set down in any one of the small towns which have since grown into big and powerful cities, he would probably experience the somewhat startling sensation of being regarded as a hiring of railroad organizers who were then doing in a small way what the Vanderbilts, Morgans, Harrimans, Hills, and Goulds are now doing on a tremendously enlarged scale. Many of the combinations of railroads which are today considered not only legitimate but necessary, were then being made the subject of frequent, violent and persistent attacks on the part of the people through whose cities and towns those original railroad companies ran.

There are still a number of men living who can recall the days of early railroad-ing, but the present generation can hardly realize the bitterness which some consolidations evoked in those days, consolidations not of competing and parallel lines which are now the subjects of attack, but consolidations of small, connecting roads into one large system. Who today remembers the revolt of the city of Erie against the consolidations of two railroads which were to make a through line from Buffalo to Cleveland without change of cars or perchance stop-over at Erie City? Who remembers the many incidents, too numerous to relate, which marked the gradual growth of American railroads from a conglomerate mass of small lines into the huge systems of the present day? Yet almost every step in this direction had to be won by a fight, either in the elections, the legislatures, the courts, or the stock market.

Today the entire railroad map of the country is divided up among not more than a dozen powerful systems, outside of which there are only a few independent lines of any importance, the others existing independently at the sufferance of the big systems which are bound to swallow them sooner or later. The destinies of these huge properties are controlled by a dozen men, more or less, some of whom have achieved power by their own efforts, while others have inherited power.* But they are all men of ability and strength, and whatever great contests may hereafter occur in the railroad world will be fought out between them until their number shall have been gradually reduced, until some day one man shall step in and assume charge over them all. This man, it is not unreasonable to expect, will be Uncle Sam himself.

There have been three periods in the development of railroad systems as we know them today. The first of these was the constructive period, which lasted from the beginning until about 1883. This was followed by a period of reorganization which culminated in the years immediately succeeding the panic of 1893, and the third is the period of huge combinations of properties and the rounding out of systems. This period is the one in which we are now living and the end of which is not yet in sight.

"Geography," said a well known railroad capitalist one day, "is the mistress of the situation. We can't get around geography. All railroad combinations have to take shape according to the terms she dictates. There can be no community of interest which disregards her." Thus we speak of Eastern lines, Northeastern lines, Southwestern lines, etc. In considering the trend of rail-



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, BROTHER OF JOHN D., SIXTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, REPUTED THE LARGEST HOLDER OF RAILWAY STOCKS IN AMERICA AND HOLDER, AS WELL, OF HUGE INTERESTS IN OIL, GAS, BANKING AND OTHER COMPANIES

road combinations, we will begin at the beginning, namely the Atlantic coast, and moving westward we find that as far as Chicago and St. Louis the situation is practically controlled by two great systems, the so-called Vanderbilt lines and the Pennsylvania railroad. Between these great properties lie a

number of smaller lines, in almost every one of which the two great systems have an interest. These are known as the anthracite coal roads. To the east of the Vanderbilt lines, but of less importance so far as transcontinental traffic is concerned, is the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, which practically



WILLIAM KISSAM VANDERBILT, THE MOST FORCEFUL AND ABLE
SURVIVING DESCENDANT OF THE OLD COMMODORE VANDER-
BILT WHO TAUGHT US THE VALUE OF RAILROAD
CONSOLIDATION AND MADE IT PAY

enjoys a monopoly of the New England business and which is largely independent, although the Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilt systems have each bought a substantial interest in its stock during the last three years. South of the Pennsylvania system proper are the soft coal roads, the Norfolk & Western, the Ches-

apeake & Ohio and the Baltimore & Ohio, in all of which either one or both of the big systems have an interest through ownership of large amounts of stock. Connecting the North with the South, east of the Mississippi, are the three systems: the Atlantic Coast Line, including the Louisville & Nashville; the

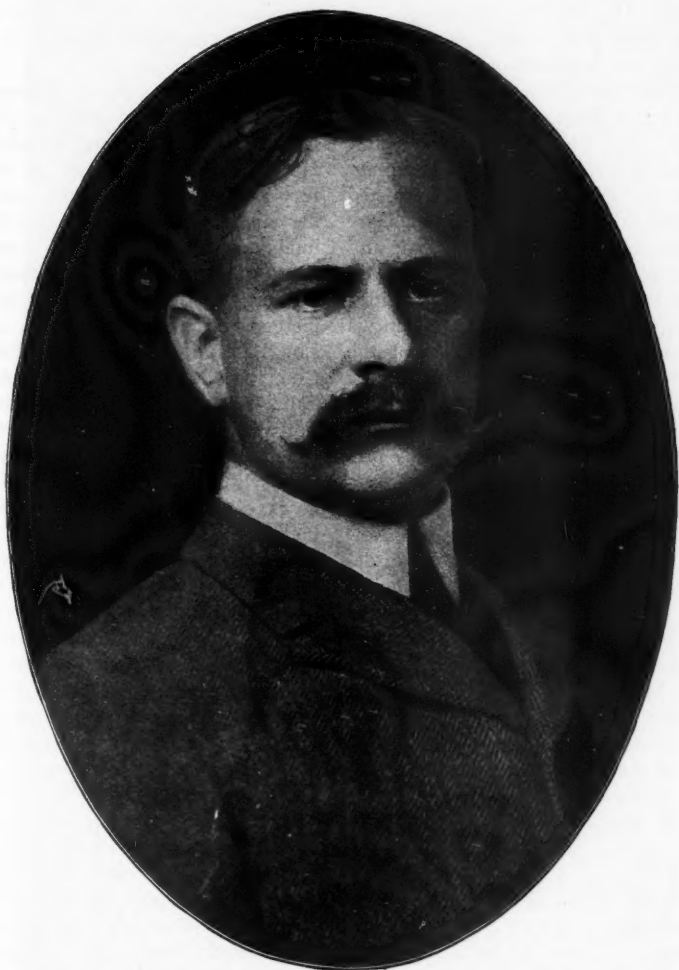
Southern Railway, including the Mobile & Ohio and other roads; and the Seaboard Air Line. The first two are controlled largely by the same interests, among which those represented by J. Pierpont Morgan stand out prominently. The North-and-South situation is not, however, of that general interest and importance which attach to railroads that are links in connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific.

Leaving out the railroads in which the Vanderbilts have merely a stock interest, but not absolute control, the New York Central lines (as the Vanderbilts prefer to have their railroad system known) reach Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and (by water) Milwaukee in the West, and in the East touch tide-water at New York, Boston and Montreal. The railroads which make up this system are themselves consolidations of smaller lines, consolidations which were gradually effected during the forty years of Vanderbilt control. Some of these railroads are owned outright, others are controlled by long-term leases, and still others are controlled by ownership of the capital stock or the majority of the stock outstanding. The total length of the New York Central lines is 11,462 miles. Of this total the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, which is the parent concern, operates directly 3,422 miles. Leased to this company are the Boston & Albany, 392 miles; the West Shore railroad, 478 miles; the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg, 624 miles; the Beech Creek railroad, 218 miles; the Mohawk & Malone, 182 miles; the New York & Harlem railroad, 136 miles, and minor lines to the extent of 399 miles. Owning the majority of the stock, in some cases almost the entire issue, the New York Central counts among its dependent lines the Cincinnati & Northern with 247 miles; the Michigan Central, which leases the Canada Southern, with a combined mile-

age of 1,653 miles, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern of 1,453 miles. The latter in turn controls the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis of 2,287 miles; the New York, Chicago & St. Louis of 523 miles; the Lake Erie & Western of 887 miles, and the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa of 252 miles. Among the minor lines owned by stock control by the New York Central are the Rutland Railroad and the St. Lawrence & Adirondack, which were only recently taken over. Such is the present extent of the New York Central System, which had its beginning in 1831 as the New York Central Railroad, the tracks of which were just seventeen miles long, but the expansion of which is not yet at an end, for even at this writing plans are under way by which, in conjunction with the Union Pacific, the New York Central is to get absolute control of the Chicago & Northwestern, in which the Vanderbilts have long had a substantial though not a controlling interest.

No better idea of the size of this system can be obtained than by considering a few of the figures which show its resources. It is difficult to make exact calculations because of the various reorganizations and consolidations out of which the system has grown, and because of the involved methods of bookkeeping which are now in use on the various lines; but with due allowance for duplications, the total investments in the New York Central System are approximately \$375,000,000 in stock and \$395,000,000 in bonds. The employees of the system last year numbered on an average 72,846.

The New York Central System has since 1860 been under the control of one family, which in itself makes it unique in the annals of American railroading. The present guiding spirit of the system is William Kissam Vanderbilt, the third in his line, who, since the elder branch of the family invested its fortunes in the



GEORGE GOULD, SON OF JAY GOULD.—THE FATHER WAS BEST KNOWN AS A WRECKER BUT THE SON IS A BUILDER AND A REAL RAILROAD MAN.—HIS ALLIANCES ARE WITH THE STANDARD OIL GROUP.—HE IS ONLY FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD, YOUNG ENOUGH AND POPULAR ENOUGH TO BECOME OUR FIRST "SECRETARY OF HIGHWAYS" WHEN THE PEOPLE TAKE OVER THE RAILROADS

bonds rather than the stocks of the system, has exercised almost complete control of the road. Born in 1849, he has always been a hard worker, though not

merely a plodder. It was largely his ideas which brought about those consolidations, absorptions and changes out of which the present system has been

evolved. It was he who brought together under one central management the various corporations which had theretofore been operated separately, and it is his mind which is now at work in further unifying the system by better methods of accounting and bookkeeping. His far-seeing mind it was that insisted on the New York Central getting a share in control of the Chesapeake & Ohio and of the Reading, occurrences which are only a few years old. His was the idea of gaining an entrance into Boston via the Boston & Albany, thus robbing the New York, New Haven & Hartford of its absolute monopoly of New England traffic. His moves have been, like those of a great chess player, thoroughly prepared, thought out and brilliantly executed. While thus devoting himself to the larger questions affecting the New York Central System, he leaves the details to a corps of excellent officials which he has gathered about himself and on whom he relies to achieve by whatever means they think best the ends which he has indicated. Recently he has been devoting less time to his business affairs but has sought recreation in travel abroad, of which he is as fond as of such sports as horse racing, yachting, and similar pastimes.

While the Pennsylvania Railroad lacks the New York Central's prestige of having been like an old servant in the hands of one family for three generations it is nevertheless abroad and at home considered as the greatest of American railroad systems. In appearance even it is different from the New York Central. Though it extends from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago, St. Louis and other points which are also reached by the New York Central, yet its contours resemble more a nerve center in the human body. There are not three or four lines through to Chicago, but there are innumerable branches

reaching out from the one main road in every direction, each of which is a self-sustaining unit.

Chartered in 1846, the Pennsylvania Railroad started out with a line from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, a distance of 248 miles. Today the system takes in 10,562 miles of single track, not counting any but those lines which it absolutely controls. Among the larger systems which have retained their separate organization and identity although merged in the mother road, are the Long Island Railroad, the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis, Vandalia & Terre Haute, and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago. The other lines which make up the vast majority of the Pennsylvania Railroad the public never hears of, so completely have they lost their identity. They have from year to year been brought closer into the fold, but the end is not yet, and even now the directors are at work on a plan for still closer union, control and operation of the many lines, especially those west of Pittsburg. The lines east of Pittsburg, with the exception of the Long Island Railroad, have to all intents and purposes become mere divisions of the parent company. With such a complex organization it is rather difficult to give an exact idea of the amount of capital invested in this system. Approximately, however, the capital stock of the various companies amounts to \$475,000,000; the total bond issues equal \$450,000,000. The average number of employes who draw subsistence from this system each year is 67,095.

The control of the Pennsylvania Railroad has never been concentrated in the hands of any one man or set of men. But if there is one whose voice and influence does control the property because of the confidence the stockholders have in him, it is A. J. Cassatt, the president of the company. Born in 1839, he is no longer a young man, although he has retained all the energy of his younger



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, WHOSE PRESTIGE SUFFERED BY THE
FAILURE OF HIS STEEL AND SHIPPING COMBINES TO HOLD
ALL THE WATER HE POURED INTO THEM, BUT WHO
IS STILL A POWER IN RAILROAD AFFAIRS

days. His education was that of an engineer, and he worked his way to the top of the ladder in that branch of railroad work, though he mastered the other branches of the service as well. Since 1861 continuously in the service of the same road his advent to the presidency of that road has done more than the efforts of any one man in the East to stop rate wars, discrimination and other abuses with which he had become intimately familiar and about which he had given testimony as early as 1879 in the so-called Standard Oil inquiries brought by the state of Pennsylvania to prevent the secret rebates by which the Srdaadt Oil Company was throttling all competition. The plan for community of interest by which it was intended to do away not only with ruinous competition but also with secret rebates, cut rates and other disturbers of railroad peace, a plan which had been growing in the minds of American railroad men for thirty years, found one of its strongest advocates in Mr. Cassatt when he entered with W. K. Vanderbilt into that famous agreement by which each of the two sys-

tems acquired an interest in the weaker lines in the same territory, by the acquisition of capital stocks of those roads in such amounts as to give the purchasers a deciding vote in the affairs of those smaller companies.



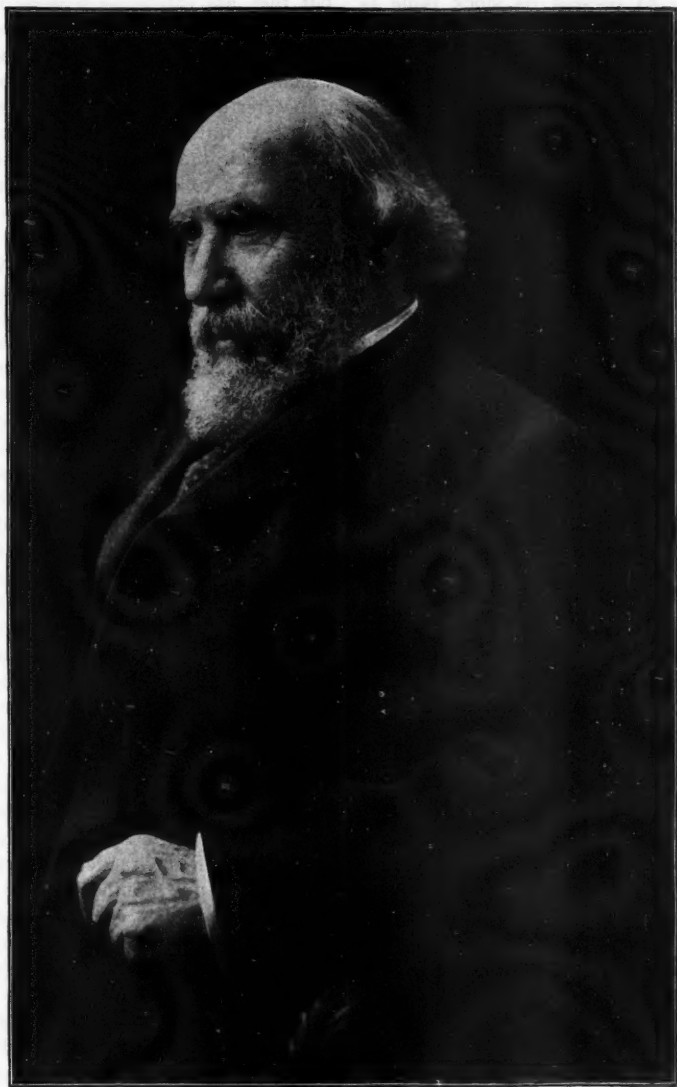
Under this agreement the Pennsylvania acquired an interest in the stock of the Baltimore & Ohio and the Norfolk & Western, while the New York Central bought into the stock of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad and the Lehigh Valley. Jointly the two big systems became interested in the Chesapeake & Ohio and in the Reading. The interest in the latter, which in turn controls the Jersey Central, was taken by the Pennsylvania through the Baltimore & Ohio, and by the New York Central through the Lake Shore. Both the Central and the Pennsylvania have taken a small but important interest in the New York, New Haven & Hartford. The extent of the influence thus exercised by the two big companies is perhaps best demonstrated by the following table:

	Mileage	Capital Stock	Bonds	No. of Employees
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	965	\$ 26,200,000	\$ 3,060,000	5,751
Lehigh Valley	1,399	40,400,000	45,600,000	8,307
Norfolk & Western	1,721	89,000,000	56,000,000	11,360
Chesapeake & Ohio	1,640	62,800,000	78,600,000	10,300
Baltimore & Ohio	4,438	185,000,000	231,000,000	28,116
Reading Company	2,144	140,000,000	103,000,000	13,419
New York, New Haven & Hartford	2,033	80,000,000	64,212,000	13,780

Of the railroads which appear in this table, the first two run between Buffalo and New York. The next three run from Baltimore and Norfolk west to Cincinnati and Louisville and in the case of the Baltimore & Ohio to Chicago and St. Louis, while the last two are chiefly local in their respective sections—the anthracite coal fields and the New England states. The interest in the New York, New Haven & Hartford was acquired mainly because this company, through the purchase of the Central

New England and the New York, Ontario & Western, had threatened to invade the trunk line territory where its independence might have caused serious trouble.

The only large system in this territory the destinies of which are not yet settled is the Erie Railroad; and Wall Street, which likes to sell one railroad to another as often as possible, will probably be able to dispose of this road to various other systems for several years to come, even though there recently have been



JAMES J. HILL, BUILDER OF THE GREAT NORTHERN AND MORGAN'S
ALLY IN HUGE OPERATIONS.—MR. HILL WAS BORN IN CANADA
SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO AND LOOKS TO BE GOOD FOR
SIXTY-SIX YEARS MORE

renewed reports of buying of that stock for control by the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, and the Morgan interests. The Erie railroad is 2,317 miles long and

reaches from New York to Chicago and Cincinnati. It has been reorganized so often that the original capital investment has been long since wiped out or deci-

mated. At present its stock issue is \$176,200,000 and its funded debt is \$181,700,000. Its employees number on an average 15,697.

The amicable atmosphere of the eastern trunk line situation was rudely disturbed some three years ago by the attempt, since successful, of the Gould lines to force an entrance into Pittsburg and hence to tide-water at Baltimore. These Gould lines differ in almost every respect from every other group of American railroads. Instead of starting in the East and working westward, their nucleus was formed on the banks of the two great rivers, the Mississippi and the Missouri. Following the course of the latter from St. Louis north to Omaha and down the former to New Orleans, they have gradually spread until they reach Ogden in the West; El Paso and Laredo on the Mexican frontier; Chicago, Buffalo and Cleveland on the Great Lakes, and finally Pittsburg in the Pennsylvania steel district, the richest traffic originating center in the United States. To reach tide-water at Baltimore, they acquired several lines, notably the Western Maryland, and are now engaged in building the connecting link which will bring them out of the West to the Atlantic seaboard. Not satisfied with this outlet, there are even now definite reports under way that they have been accumulating stock of the Erie Railroad with a view of reaching New York. Should this idea be fulfilled, it will mark a complete circle in history, for the father of George J. Gould was one of the men to whose control of that property, though only for a brief period, will ever be laid the wrecking, years ago, of that really wonderful railroad.

When a pebble is thrown into the water its circles spread uniformly in every direction. Similarly, since their original entrance into railroading, with St. Louis as their point of disturbance, the Goulds have not only spread east,

but they are extending westward also, and the first steps have long since been taken for the building of a new road which will bring the Gould system to tide-water at the Pacific coast as well as on the Atlantic. The western extension, over which the Gould trains will run from ocean to ocean, is known as the Western Pacific, a road laid out on paper and surveyed to the last grade and the last curve, and provided with a capital to start with of \$50,000,000. The Gould lines, although controlled by the same group of men, headed by George J. Gould, have not yet been consolidated into a general system with one head. This is partly due to the fact that as a system the Gould lines are still young and partly to the laws against consolidations of railroads in the southwestern states which have been enacted from time to time. Nevertheless, the Gould lines' security of the control of the various railroads is strengthened by an arrangement under which some of the larger lines hold stock in other roads of the system. The Missouri Pacific, for instance, holds stock in the Denver & Rio Grande and the Wabash. The St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, which is absolutely owned by the Missouri Pacific, also owns stock in the Wabash, while the Denver & Rio Grande in turn controls the Rio Grande Western and the Rio Grande Southern. The total length of the lines controlled by the Gould family and their friends comprises 17,125 miles of road. The biggest of these is the Missouri Pacific with 6,107 miles of road and stock interests in the other railroads. The Missouri Pacific is destined to be with the Gould system what the New York Central is with the Vanderbilt lines. The Wabash Railroad, with 2,534 miles of its own, also controls the Wheeling & Lake Erie and the Western Maryland. The latter owns the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg. It is over these lines that the Goulds will come into Baltimore. The St. Louis South-



ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY, WHO APPEARS TO HAVE A LARGER RESPECT FOR THE INTELLIGENCE AND POWER OF THE PUBLIC THAN SOME OF THE OTHER TEMPORARY MASTERS OF OUR PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.—MR. CASSATT GOT A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION AND BEGAN RAILROADING AT THE BOTTOM.—
HE IS SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD

western, of which Edwin Gould, brother of George Gould, is president, is 1,279 miles long. The other railroads controlled by the Goulds but operated independently are the Denver & Rio Grande with its dependencies 3,361

miles in length; the International & Great Northern, 1,159 miles, and the Texas & Pacific, 1,827 miles long. The total capital of these railroads, intertwined as they are, represents in stock about \$327,000,000, and in bonds \$414,000,000. The men employed number on an average 84,796.

The man at the head of this great aggregation of railroads is George J. Gould, the youngest magnate of them all, for he is only just forty-seven years old. Though he inherited his wealth, he has proved himself a better man than his father, who acquired the reputation of wanting railroads only to squeeze them dry. The son has taken many of these railroads and filled them with new, warm blood. Advised by men old in experience and years, and aided by men young and strong in energy and fighting spirit, Mr. Gould has gradually lifted many of his lines from a nearly bankrupt position, has placed them on a stable basis and has mapped out for them a future when they will develop into great dividend-paying properties. Mr. Gould's energy, which manifests itself also in his fondness of sports, is only equalled by his love of family life, which is so great that on every extended inspection trip over his railroads he takes along every member of his family whose presence is not required elsewhere.

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If a line were drawn from Chicago through St. Louis to New Orleans, it would fairly mark the dividing line between the East and West in railroad affairs. The Gould lines have crossed this divide in both directions. But the vast territory stretching thence to the Pacific coast is the real scene of all great consolidations of railroads which have recently occupied the attention of the nation and of its courts. In the East the people have become reconciled to the accomplished fact. But in the West the division of the railroad map

into vast systems is still something of a novelty. None of the great consolidations there undertaken is as solidly soldered together as those in the East. And that the mere acquisition of control of other lines of road does not insure the success of the combination was conclusively demonstrated in the attempt made a dozen years ago to build up a big system around the Reading railroad, an attempt which failed disastrously. The most loosely constructed of the big combinations in the west is the Rock Island system. It is the most recent of all the consolidations: a huge aggregation of railroads virtually forged together within the last three years by the sheer mental strength of the men who control it. Having no affiliations to speak of with any other interests, it consists at present of 14,170 miles of road. The parent concern is the Rock Island Company, which is merely a holding company. It controls the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company, which in turn owns the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, which is the operating company, and the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company. The first of these, by lease, controls the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, 1,316 miles long, and the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, 1,080 miles, and by stock control the Chicago, Rock Island & Gulf and other lines. The 'Frisco, again, controls the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, and smaller concerns. The Chicago & Alton also has lately been acquired by the Rock Island group. With these lines the Rock Island reaches every important city in the Middle West, among them Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Denver, Memphis and others. As yet it has no outlet to the Pacific coast except by traffic arrangement with the Southern Pacific, and it is therefore to be presumed that its map is not yet completed. The capital invested in this system is approximately \$163,000,000 in



WILLIAM H. MOORE, THE HEAD OF THE "ROCK ISLAND" GROUP
OF RAILWAY CAPITALISTS

stock and \$453,000,000 in bonds. The reason for the preponderance of bonds over stocks is that in effecting the consolidations the plan has been pursued of offering collateral trust bonds for the stock purchased. The system employs on an average 80,738 men.

The men who moulded into form this conglomeration of railroad lines are

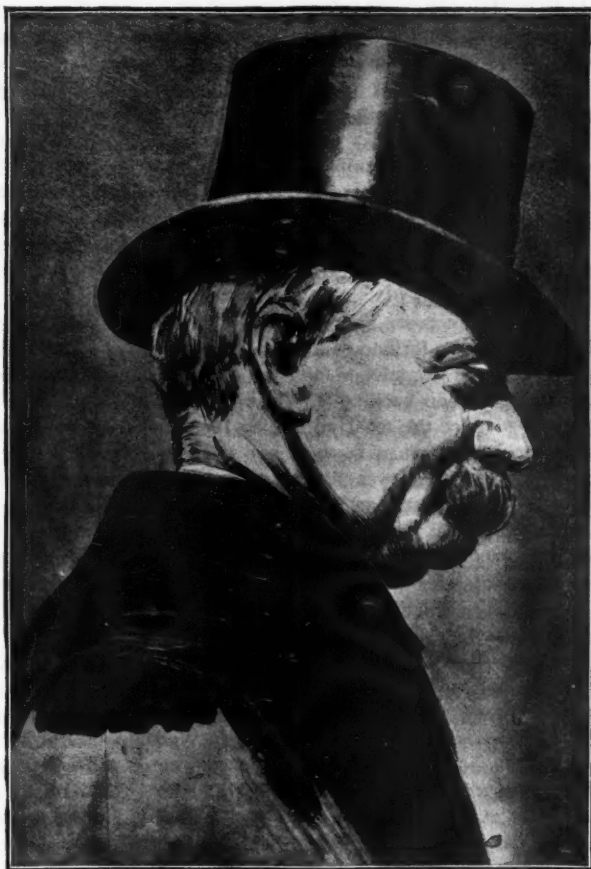
familiarly known as the "Rock Island crowd." They are in the order of their importance, William H. Moore, Daniel G. Reid, W. B. Leeds, B. F. Yoakum and J. Hobart Moore. William H. Moore may be taken as the head of this group of men. He and his brother are often referred to as the "two little Indiana boys," for in that their native state

they made their money by hard work and grit in the steel and iron business, principally in the manufacture of tin plate. After they had sold out to the United States Steel Corporation, they looked about for some remunerative investment, and they conceived the idea of trying railroading. So they bought the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific about three years ago and gradually added to its lines by purchases of other properties. They have been severely criticised for their methods of finance, but they seem to care little for criticism. "Judge Moore," as he is familiarly called, is a tall and well built man, and though past the prime of life, he carries himself like a young man of thirty. Grave in appearance, he is yet of a jovial disposition as is shown by the twinkle in his eye. He is not fond of publicity, especially when the affairs of his company are concerned, and to those who would interview him he is known "as the silent judge."

Similarly free of affiliations as the Rock Island, is the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. This system, which operates and controls 8,943 miles, will, it is not unlikely, be the storm center of the next consolidation fight. Many times have attempts been made by other lines to secure control, but the grapes have always hung too high. The Pennsylvania has often been reported as being intent on purchasing the Atchison, or the Santa Fe, as it is known in its own territory. E. H. Harriman has made eyes at it. The Goulds have thought too of gathering it in, and the Rock Island people have coveted it, but so far its owners have refused to sell out. Its capital stock of \$216,199,000 is widely held, much of it in Boston, where it has ever been a favorite, and to secure control would be a costly task. Whoever will ultimately get the property will thereby become possessed of a trunk line reaching from Chicago to the Gulf of

Mexico, at Galveston, and to the Pacific, sharing with the Southern Pacific in the traffic of San Francisco and southern California. Its funded debt is \$231,930,000, and its employees number on an average 56,871. (Editorial Note—Since the foregoing paragraph was written by Mr. Tittmann, the Santa Fe control has been reported to have been acquired by the "Standard Oil" group).

Wall Street has acquired the habit these days of distinguishing railroad systems by the names of those who control their destinies. While this method of appellation is in certain respects defective, its employment was never better justified than when it was applied to the wonderful system which is known as the Harriman Lines. Since the year 1898, when E. H. Harriman and his friends took possession of the Union Pacific railroad, after its reorganization, he has been one of the most aggressive figures in American railroading. The lines which he controls center in the Union Pacific railroad, and through this company the Harriman interests acquired a majority holding in the stock of the Southern Pacific and a minority holding in the Northern Securities company, which in turn controls the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, and through these the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. If the United States supreme court, which has just granted an appeal from the decision of the lower court, dissolving the Northern Securities company according to the plan of J. J. Hill, should finally affirm the decree of the lower court, the Harriman lines will have only a minority interest in the Northern Pacific, a small interest in the Great Northern and through these in the Burlington. Mr. Harriman is known to be averse to being a minority holder, and it is therefore not likely that he will care to maintain such interests in those properties. Instead, the Union Pacific



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, CONTROLLER, FOR HIMSELF AND THE STANDARD OIL GROUP, OF RAILWAYS AGGREGATING OVER 70,000 MILES IN LENGTH.—MR. HARRIMAN WAS A BANKER BEFORE HE BECAME A RAILROAD MAN.—HIS HOBBY IS FAST HARNESS HORSES.—HE WILL NOT SIT FOR A PHOTOGRAPH; THIS SNAPSHOT, TAKEN FOR HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN, IS THE BEST LIKENESS OF HIM EXTANT

will probably acquire at least a half interest in the Chicago & Northwestern, thus securing the essential entrance into Chicago, for the Union Pacific now only starts at Omaha and Kansas City and from there reaches the Pacific coast over its controlled lines. The chief system

controlled by the Union Pacific is the Southern Pacific company with 8,933 miles of road running from New Orleans to the Pacific and from San Francisco east to Ogden, Utah. The Oregon Short Line, with 1,767, and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, 1,152

miles, reach from Denver and other Colorado points to Portland, Oregon, and with these properties the total mileage of the Union Pacific is 15,075 miles. These railroads represent a capital investment of \$358,000,000 in stocks and \$671,000,000 in bonds, and they employ 87,850 men.

The chief figure in the administration of affairs as well as in the control of these properties is Edward H. Harriman. Ten years ago he was practically unknown. He had, however, at that time accumulated a neat fortune, and besides had gained the confidence of rich bankers, and with their backing he has made himself at once the most admired and the most hated man in the railroad world. Something over fifty years of age, he is the last man one would pick out in a crowd as the head of the great interests which bear his name. Slight of stature, absolutely lacking in appearance of either dignity or attractiveness, he looks more like a clerk than a millionaire. He must be conscious of this, for he has, ever since his advent to fame, refused to sit for any photographer. The only pictures of him extant are snapshots, but, as he always wears his hat down over his eyes, these pictures show little of his features. In his eyes, however, there glitters the cold gray steel of the despot. Mr. Harriman is an autocrat in his realm, and for this reason some of the best railroad officers in the country have left his employ. He has elected himself to the positions made vacant by those men and he is now not only one of the chief owners, but also the actual operating head of his systems.

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When Harriman, after acquiring the Southern Pacific in 1901, made his fight against the Hill-Morgan forces over the acquisition by them of the Northern Pacific and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy in the interest of the Great Northern, he admitted that he con-

sidered those northern railroads the greatest rivals of his system. These three railroads have an aggregate length of road of 20,200 miles. Of this the Great Northern owns 5,887, the Northern Pacific 5,585, and the Burlington 8,738 miles. This is the group which was merged in the Northern Securities Company in 1901. The first of these two are trunk lines reaching from the head of the Great Lakes at Duluth and from the twin cities St. Paul and Minneapolis to Seattle, Portland and Tacoma on Puget Sound. The Burlington makes the connection for these railroads between St. Paul and Chicago, though it also reaches St. Louis, Omaha, Denver and Kansas City, drawing its heaviest traffic from the territory between these cities, over which its lines spread like a drag-net. The capital stock of these companies is represented in the capital stock of the Northern Securities Company which controls them. This issue amounts to \$400,000,000. The bond issues amount to \$652,500,000, of which the Burlington's share is \$156,000,000, the Great Northern's share \$204,600,000 and the Northern Pacific's \$291,000,000. The men employed on these three systems on an average number 119,078.

As indicated by the name applied to these railroads, the two men chiefly interested in them are James J. Hill and J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Hill is probably the most picturesque figure in the American railroad world. Though a Canadian by birth, he is by adoption a citizen of this country, and by right of his wonderful genius must ever be classed in the foremost rank of this country's great men. Though nearly seventy years old, with gray beard and gray, curly hair, he has retained the elasticity of youth not only in his walk and carriage, but in his mind. His eyes, kindly and merry, at times flash with that wonderful fire which indicates enthusiasm and intenseness of purpose. While not a brilliant speaker, his argu-

ment is convincing and his speech direct. It is not wonderful that such a man should have been able to accumulate a large fortune in his chosen career. He started, like old Commodore Vanderbilt, as a steamboat man, and in 1873 had succeeded in gathering together \$100,000. With this he took hold of a small bankrupt railroad in what was then the wilds of Minnesota, and by strict economy built it up into the Great Northern system of over 5,000 miles. Nor is it wonderful that such a man should have attracted other great men. So he succeeded in enlisting wealthy Englishmen, even members of the royal family, as backers for his enterprises, and it is no small thing he is able to say after thirty years of association, that his friends have never had cause to regret, but profited enormously through his advice. No wonder they have such confidence in him that when he offered to advance the dividends withheld by order of the court from the stockholders of the Northern Securities Company, the great majority of those English stockholders for whose benefit the offer had been made, declined to accept it, pinning their faith to his word.

It is no wonder that such a man should have attracted the friendship of J. Pierpont Morgan, himself an enthusiast and a towering figure in American railroad annals. Mr. Morgan won undying fame as the reorganizer of many railroad enterprises which had gone into bankruptcy. He was never, like Mr. Hill, a builder of railroads. But during the period of reorganization he dominated the American railroad world. His interests now are not as large as they were then, although his representatives and he himself still hold directorships in many of the most important of railroad systems. If he should sell every railroad share he owns, his advice and counsel would make him a valuable member of any board of directors.

Personally he is a director only in the New York Central and the New York, New Haven & Hartford and their controlled lines, but his interests are represented by one or the other of his partners in Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, Lehigh Valley, Northern Securities, the Reading Company, Southern Railway and many others.

There is another man in American railroading who resembles Mr. Morgan in that he stands in the background, is a director only in a few railroads, but wields an influence over many. This man is William Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller probably owns more railroad stocks than any other man in this or any other country. His influence makes itself felt in the New York Central, the Union Pacific, the Northern Securities, the Gould lines, and strongest of all in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. This railroad, 6,800 miles long, is distinctly a Rockefeller road. Known as a grain carrier, it taps all the rich country between Chicago and Montana, though it has to depend for its connections for that highly prized outlet to tide-water. But if reports may be believed, this road is destined for greater things. It will probably, on the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company, take over the Northern Pacific, and thus make a through line from Chicago to Seattle. Its capitalization now consists of \$105,900,000 in stocks and \$123,700,000 in bonds. It employs 43,452 men.

Besides this railroad, there are in the West a number of other systems of varying sizes which have not yet found their last resting places in the arms of one of the big systems. The Chicago & Northwestern, with its controlled line the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, is closely affiliated with both the New York Central and the Union Pacific systems. The lines of this system aggregate 9,041 miles, with a capital stock of \$102,900,000 and a bonded in-

debtedness of \$179,500,000. It employs 62,510 men. Other systems of complete or semi-independence are shown in this table:

	Mileage	Stock	Funded Debt	Employees
Illinois Central	4,301	105,000,000	129,100,000	27,300
Chicago Great Western	929	76,700,000	3,700,000	5,490
Wisconsin Central	977	30,000,000	27,300,000	5,570
Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton	3,210	27,000,000	88,000,000	20,400
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	3,000	72,700,000	79,200,000	19,300
Kansas City Southern	838	51,000,000	29,900,000	4,200
Colorado & Southern	1,121	48,000,000	18,800,000	7,000

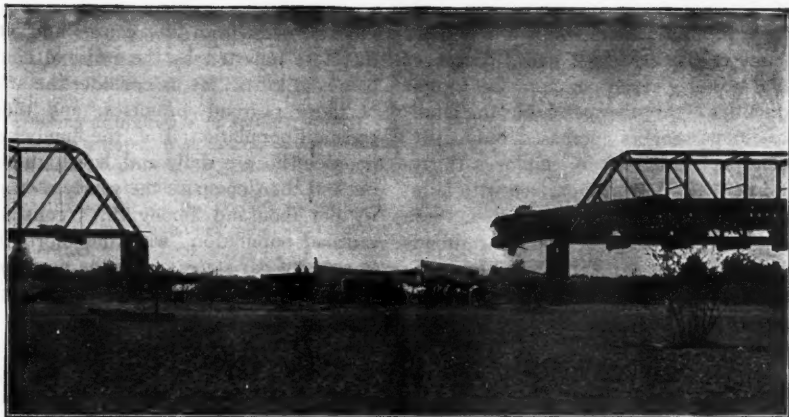
There is no reason to doubt that these railroads sooner or later will be merged in one or the other of the large systems, if for no other reason than simply to prevent them from being disturbers of railroad rates and railroad peace.

APRIL 23rd, 1564

By KATHERINE LEE BATES

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

A MEMORY, like a zephyr, wandered through
 The colonnades of Heaven and, at request,
 Will Shakespeare reared a cloudy stage and set
 His plays — sore shamed they were — once more to do
 Their ancient office. All the angels praised,
 But in the shelter of their wings confessed
 One to another that the tricky sport,
 Frenzies and furies and the shock of fray,
 Perplexed their white, serene intelligence.
 The highest ranks of the redeemed stood dazed
 But half remembering their mortality,
 Rapture of love, pain's fierce reality,
 In those far aeons ere earth flamed away.
 Only the hardly-saved, the devil-torn,
 The ruddy fringe of that ethereal court,
 Saints by the hair's-breadth, felt their lashes wet,
 Sobbed out and shook when poor old Lear went crazed,
 Threw asphodels to Rosalind, grew tense
 With Hamlet's terror and, at end, their bliss
 Sweeter within them for the taste of this,
 Surprised their harpstrings with a gold acclaim,
 A paean for that misty English morn,
 While yet Time dwelt with Space, when softly came
 The miracle,—when, an unheeded name,
 Shakespeare was born.



ONE OF THE "UNPREVENTABLE" ACCIDENTS—A BRIDGE BROKEN BY A CLOUD-BURST AND A TRAIN HURLED THROUGH THE GAP

WHAT CAUSES RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

A STUDY OF THE SUBJECT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE

By C. H. ALLISON

NEW YORK CITY

WARS, battle and railroads! Engines of stern strife and of peaceful industry linked together in common cause against humanity! More deaths and injuries each year on our railroads than on the bloody fields of Waterloo or Gettysburg, or in the entire Spanish-American war. Stop the slaughter!

This has been the keynote of innumerable magazine and newspaper articles during the past year. Railway officials have been accused of reckless operating practices, of wanton disregard for the sanctity of human life, of penurious methods of management that refused to permit the necessary expenditure of money for the most ordinary precautions essential to public safety. They are declared to have staked dividends against death and destruction.

To quote a well-worn phrase, "There

is no greater problem confronting the American people today"—so important is it as to demand recognition in President Roosevelt's last message to congress—than that of railroad accidents, their causes and means of prevention. The normal hazards of railway travel have been accentuated of late by an appalling series of disastrous wrecks spread out over the past two years. Public attention has been concentrated on this painful subject as never before. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down.

A FUNDAMENTAL ERROR

Unfortunately the idea prevails that there has been an extraordinary increase in the number of railroad casualties. Without going into detail and presenting a mass of figures, it may be sufficient to say that in the last decade while the total

track mileage operated has increased about twenty-eight per cent., passenger mileage forty-seven per cent. and freight ton miles eighty-five per cent., the fatalities to passengers increased only nineteen per cent. and to employes thirty-two per cent. In comparison with mileage operated and traffic handled, there are actually fewer deaths on our railroads than ten years ago. In 1903 there was but one passenger killed for every 1,957,441 carried, and one injured for every 84,284 carried.

This does not indicate any alarming increase in the dangers of railway travel. When a man about to buy a ticket reflects that he takes only one chance in about two million of being killed, and one chance in eighty-four thousand of being hurt, it will probably strike him that he is safer in a railway train than on our public streets and highways. Indeed there are annually killed by lightning in the United States approximately twice as many persons as suffer death while traveling on railroads.

What are the "dangers" of railway travel? Clearly the casualties to employes, to trespassers, and, indeed, to all but passengers, must be eliminated from the account. Considering therefore solely casualties to passengers, we find from the last bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission that on all the railways in the United States there were, during the year ended June 30, 1904, killed by all causes, including their own carelessness and wilfulness, 420 passengers. This is less than one-half of the 1,020 deaths which were caused in New York harbor by the burning of the steamer General Slocum on June 15, 1904, and about half of the 700 more or less who were killed in the burning of the Iroquois theater in Chicago, December 30, 1903.

LESS THAN ORDINARY RISKS OF LIFE

But going further and including all who met their death on the premises of

the railroads from any cause, and are therefore reported by the railroad companies as killed, let us consider the area of those railroad premises, and their constant population; i. e., the number of people who are daily and hourly thereon and then compare the yearly mortality per thousand among this "constant railroad population" with the mortality in some of our states. For the purposes of such comparison we take Connecticut, because its area most nearly approximates to that of the railroad premises, and New York, because that state happens to contain the writer's environment. Assuming that the 207,977 miles of railroad operated in the United States embraces an area only 100 feet in width (as a matter of fact, when allowance is made for yards, terminals, etc., much more is embraced) we find that the railroad premises comprise an area of 3,839 square miles. The area of Connecticut is 4,990 square miles; that of New York State, 49,170 square miles. The population of Connecticut by the last census was 908,420; that of New York State 7,268,894. The "constant railroad population" consists of

1. Employes, of whom there are 1,312,537. Allowing that each of these works ten hours per day, and as a matter of fact, their hours of labor are rather longer, and they are on the premises for a much greater time, we will take ten twenty-fourths of 1,312,537 546,890
2. Passengers continuously on trains in actual movement. The figure here given is reached by dividing the total of passengers carried one mile by thirty miles per hour. by twenty-four hours, and by 365 days — 79,993

Thus far our figures are neither obscure nor over-estimated. It is more difficult however to estimate the other persons who are on railroad premises. This must comprise, say, ten twenty-fourths of those employed by other than the railroad company in and about its premises, such as telegraph, express and sleeping-car employes, and those employed by lessees of railroad property, as, for instance, elevators, lumber and coal yards, etc. A large allowance must be made for teamsters and others who

work in and about freight yards, for casual visitors, such as persons seeing their friends off on trains, and shippers. A liberal allowance must also be made for persons crossing at highways, or walking along the tracks, tramps, trespassers, etc. While no exact figure can be given with respect to these other persons on railroad premises, it will be well within bounds to estimate them at one man per mile of railroad operated,

103,988

This gives us a total "constant railroad population" of,

730,871

It is certain that this estimate is under rather than over the fact, but taking it for the sake of argument, we now find that the density of population per square mile is

In Connecticut . . .	187.5
In New York . . .	152.6
On railroad premises . .	185.5

We further find that the death rate per thousand from all causes was

In Connecticut . . .	16.9
In New York . . .	17.9
On railroad premises . .	13.5

While it may be suggested that deaths from railroad casualties are included in the death rate of each and every state, and that those occupied in and about railroad premises are, in a sense, "selected lives," it is very obvious from the foregoing that even under our bad regulations as to trespassing on railroad premises, grade crossings and the like, there is for those permanently employed on railroad premises less risk of life than to those generally inhabiting the state of Connecticut or the state of New York.

So far as they go, all statistics show that the percentage of accidents in the railway business is less than in any other branch of industry. It is estimated that over 100,000 operators are annually killed or hurt in our factories, yet the railroads are selected for invidious attack. An inflamed popular sentiment has been aroused which is being continually fed on information of the most misleading character.

THE LEAVEN OF JUSTICE

Possibly no one thing has given rise



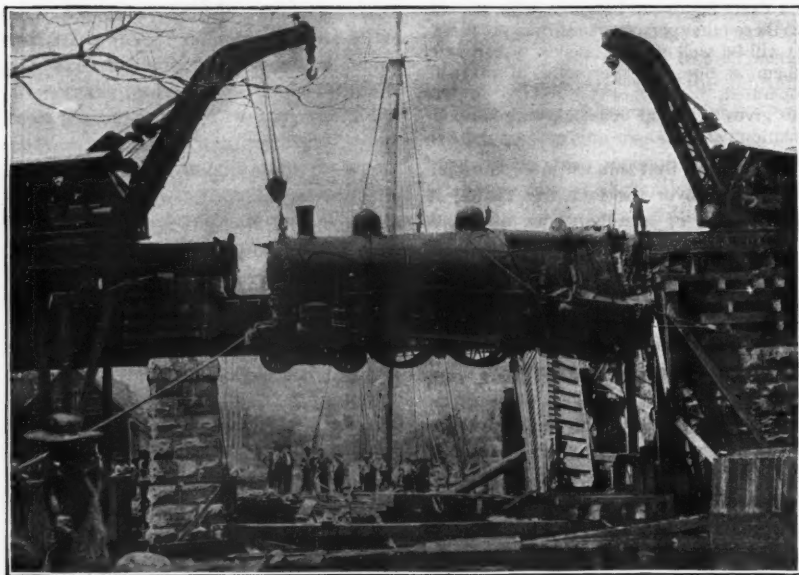
THE AUTOMATIC BLOCK-SIGNAL

to more misunderstanding on this point than the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The last annual volume of statistics issued a month or so ago by that body, covering the twelve months ending June 30, 1903, shows that there were 9,840 persons killed and 76,553 injured on or about railway property during the year. At first blush an awful record, truly—shocking alike to the public and to railroad officials. But no analytical searchlight is needed to dispel the gloom of misconception enveloping this dark array of figures.

Without attempting to minimize the mortality and suffering involved in the bald statement of casualties, or to excuse the railroad companies for any of their shortcomings, why, it may be asked, should they be held liable for the death of the 5,000 trespassers who are included in the total of 9,840 fatalities—persons who have no right whatever to intrude upon railroad premises and who do so at their own peril? This class of accidents alone accounts for

more than half the whole number killed. Again, how can railway officials be justly censured for the deaths and injuries of the hundreds of passengers and employees

credit is cast indiscriminately upon the railroads when the most casual differentiation of figures would reveal things in a new light, and place the responsibility



HOISTING AN EIGHTY-TON LOCOMOTIVE FROM THE CREEK-BED INTO WHICH IT LEAPED THROUGH A BROKEN BRIDGE

whose own carelessness or wilful taking of risks resulted in such a large addition to the deplorable list. And is it fair to charge "managerial greed" with responsibility for the numerous casualties resulting from broken rails, broken wheels, cloud-bursts, tornadoes, malicious tampering with switches and other unpreventable causes.

These preponderating factors must be borne in mind in considering so grave a subject. It seems scarcely more reasonable to charge railroads with the deaths of all persons who lose their lives on railroad premises than to charge steamship lines with all the drownings in waters traversed by them. Yet in the published reports concerning railroad accidents no distinction is made between the several classes of casualties; dis-

where it obviously should be placed.

A BAD QUARTER ANALYZED

(Since the above was written the bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission covering the three months of July, August and September, 1904, has been issued, showing:

	Passengers		Employees	
	Killed	Injured	Killed	Injured
In train accidents	228	2,154	183	1,593
Other accidents— coupling, falling from cars, etc.,	48	1,019	573	8,441
	276	3,173	756	10,034

As the commissioners say, this quarter may be properly termed "the most disastrous on record." Doubtless the extraordinary travel to the World's Fair at St. Louis accounts for the abnormal mortality rate among passengers as com-

pared with previous periods. There is no occasion, however, for alarmist reports that railroad accidents are rapidly growing in number and fatalities. The figures fluctuate so much from month to month that we must wait until the yearly returns are in before a fair conclusion can be drawn. While no official statement has yet been made for the months subsequent to September, 1904, it is certain that they will show a decided reduction and probably keep the annual average well within bounds.

Bad as are the statistics for the three months mentioned, here again we find further proof of the inefficacy of block-signals as an offset to human fallibility. The commission selects for special comment twenty-four of the most serious collisions, in which 142 persons were killed and 601 injured. Five of these collisions occurred on track equipped with signals, causing twenty deaths and sixty-eight cases of injury, about twelve per cent. of the total. All the other collisions (excepting solely that due to a misplaced switch) were the result of mistakes or neglect of one kind or another on the part of employees. The worst wreck during the quarter—a passenger train going through a bridge which was carried out by a flood, involving eighty-eight deaths—is classed as a derailment. This clearly comes under the head of unpreventable accidents. Of the remaining eleven derailments explained in this bulletin, one was due to nonobservance of signal, two to unknown causes, three to unpreventable causes and five to negligence of employees.

INCURABLE INFIRMITIES OF THE HUMAN MIND

In spite of the wonderful improvement in roadway, equipment and the installation of safety appliances made in recent years, into which millions of money have been poured, it is evident that there is still something lacking to a perfect train service. Wrecks continue to occur with

unpleasant frequency, and nine times out of ten the investigation which inevitably follows discloses negligence on the part of one or more employees. The cumulative consequences of forgetfulness, mistakes, sleeping on duty and deliberate violation of instructions are well illustrated in the quarterly bulletins issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Bulletin No. 12, covering April, May and June, 1904 (the last one to hand when this article was begun) may be taken as a fair sample of the average run of reports. In this bulletin some twenty-seven prominent train accidents—eighteen collisions and nine derailments—are selected for special comment and explanation of cause.

The eighteen collisions resulted in the death of fifteen and the injury of 206 persons, and their causes may be classified as follows: Trainmen overlooking meeting point, four; dispatcher's mistake, two; block-signal operator permitting train to enter block occupied by another train, two; engineman running by three automatic stop block-signals and a flagman, one; flagman throwing wrong switch, one; trainmen overlooking change of time on new card, one; conductor failing to note from train register that the train he was to meet had not arrived, one; operator failing to deliver meeting order, one; freight cars left on main track in switching, one; trainmen's mistake in calculating time on an order to run late, one, operator's error in not reporting a train having passed his station, one; engineman (who was killed) starting from station without orders and leaving conductor behind, one; trainmen, after all being asleep, assuming that the three trains they were to meet had all passed, starting out after only two had gone by, one.

The nine derailments resulted in eight deaths and injuries to thirty-four persons. One of these, the most disastrous wreck during the quarter, including seven deaths and twenty-three cases of

injury, resulting from an engineman (who was killed) overlooking an order to reduce speed on entering a side track at a small station where the main track was obstructed; the train, a fast passenger, was ditched. Another derailment, in which one person was killed and six injured, was due to a washout following an unusually severe local storm. The remaining seven derailments, causing no deaths and but five cases of injury, were the result of broken or defective equipment, contributory negligence on the part of a trainman being shown in one instance.

Here we have indisputable proof that every one of the collisions and the most fatal derailments, comprising more than ninety per cent. of the casualties, were directly traceable to the neglect or disobedience of employes. Three of the collisions occurred on track equipped with block-signals. In every case precautions had been taken to avoid disaster. There was no fault in the transportation methods. The men had but to follow instructions. Why didn't they do it?

THE CANKER AT THE HEART

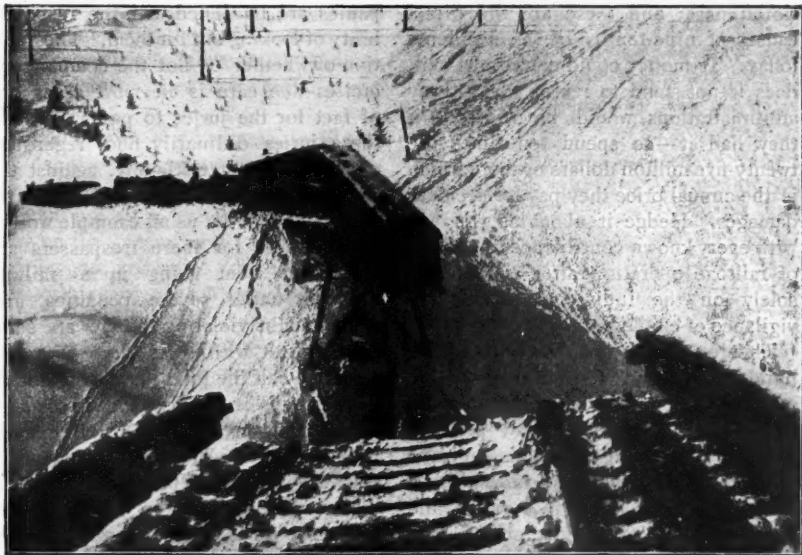
Discipline on American railroads is weighed down by the incubus of labor unionism. Railway employes are as well paid as any class of men performing a similar quality of work. The average daily compensation of engine-men in 1903 was \$4.01; conductors, \$3.38; firemen, \$2.28; other trainmen, \$2.17; telegraph operators and dispatchers, \$2.08. Their hours and conditions of labor have been steadily improved, and cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered harsh. Their average intelligence is of the highest order. All the circumstances lead to a natural assumption that in railway service, if anywhere, one could expect a discipline as perfect as fallible man is capable of. The most complete and comprehensive rules have been compiled for the guid-

ance of employes in all departments. In the transportation department, those engaged in train service particularly are required to undergo a rigorous examination as to color-blindness, physical fitness and general intelligence. It is the aim of officials to maintain the highest possible standard of personnel among the working force. But in order to do this and keep the men keyed up to a proper sense of their responsibilities, it is essential that they be left untrammelled in the exercise of discipline—punishing every discoverable infraction of rules, promoting where merit warrants and making the men feel that their future success depends upon their individual loyalty and ability. Labor unionism, perfected on railway systems as nowhere else, effectually kills this rational and wholesome method of handling men. A system of promotion by seniority instead of by merit has been forced upon the railroads by the labor organizations. An employe's first allegiance is not to the company but to his brotherhood. He knows his promotion is a matter of time, not of meritorious service. His chief interest, consequently, lies in securing the biggest day's pay for the smallest day's work. There is neither the esprit du corps nor the individual effort among the men that there should be; there never will be until the labor organizations relax their grasp and permit railroad officials to conduct the business on business lines. Human life depends on the weeding out of unfaithful employes; on a prompt, decisive administration of the discipline so essential to safe and efficient operation.

It is in interference with discipline that the blight of unionism is chiefly manifest. Not only do the brotherhoods and orders seek to restrict employment to members of their own organizations, but by means of "grievance committees" they protest against almost every corrective measure advanced by the officials. A superintendent who attempts to en-

force rigid discipline today is sure to be visited by a grievance committee tomorrow, no matter how gross the offence. Regardless of the merits of the case,

and put an end to the chief follies of labor domination they will have gone far in protecting themselves against train accidents.



PORTION OF A BRIDGE CARRIED AWAY BY A SNOWSLIDE WHILE A TRAIN WAS CROSSING

public sentiment is sure to side with the committee, this in spite of the fact that some of those who help to make that same public sentiment may go down to death the day after tomorrow because of the conduct which the superintendent was endeavoring to rectify. The catastrophe comes and the company, not the labor union, is blamed. Trainmen discharged for the capital offense of causing a collision are almost invariably reinstated or reemployed on pressure of the committees, who keep everlastingly at it until their "brother" is returned to the service. The company is not desirous of forcing an issue with the labor organizations, involving a possible strike; for in this, too, the public would be with the men. And in this respect the public must also share the blame. When the people arise in their wrath

PUNISH THE GUILTY ONES

They do these things much better in European countries, where railway employes whose gross negligence causes death or injury are held criminally liable to the courts and are punished like any other class of criminals. Until some statutory responsibility is placed upon railway employes in the United States, and they understand that their liberty, maybe their lives, depends upon a faithful performance of duty, or until railroad officials are able to administer discipline without interference, we can hope for no material reduction in our casualty lists.

THE MILLENNIUM NOT YET

To paraphrase one writer who recently contributed a series of articles on this subject to a magazine, "Human falli-

bility is the quicksand at the bottom of a goodly river of disaster." Corporate parsimony can surely not be blamed for the laches of employes. Money will not mend faulty memories, indifference and slothfulness; and these are the direct causes of nine-tenths of the accidents today. If money could correct the evil, does it not stand to reason that railway administrations would be willing—if they had it—to spend ten times the twenty-five million dollars or more which is the annual price they pay for accident damages. Hedge it about as you will with every known contrivance, the safety of railroad operation after all depends solely on the individual loyalty and vigilance of employes.

Theoretically it may be possible to build, equip and operate railways so perfectly as, humanly speaking, to avoid all train accidents. But a "perfect" railroad would call for an expenditure of more money than any railroad corporation is ever likely to possess, and for restraints that would be intolerable to the American people. Nothing short of a train service "as fast as wheels can turn" will satisfy. There is a popular fever for annihilation of time and space that will brook no restrictive remedies, let consequences be what they may.

A criticism most frequently made of us as a people is that we hold human life too cheap. It is exemplified in the holes in our city streets, in our lack of proper policing, in the reckless speeding of automobiles on crowded thoroughfares, in the violation of building ordinances, and a thousand other things. Everything must move and be done in a hurry. We have no time to stop and count the cost. This is the spirit of the age, and our railroads have not escaped the infection. They are neither better nor worse than the people they serve.

THE TRESPASS NUISANCE

Another contributory cause to the mortality on our railroads is the fact

that they have absolutely no protection against trespassers, who invade railroad premises with impunity, use its right of way as a public highway, its cars for the purpose of stealing rides; and the companies are burdened with the responsibility of looking out for them. The question of whether or not the company exercises due care is in most cases one of fact for the juries to pass upon, and these juries ordinarily find, regardless of the weight of testimony, against the company. In this respect, also, European countries set us an example worthy of imitation, for there trespassers are restrained from going upon railway premises under severe penalties, and when caught violating the law are summarily dealt with. As 5,000—or more than one-half the total deaths on American railways in the fiscal year 1902-03—were among trespassers, it will readily be appreciated what an enforcement of this law in the United States would mean. Yet public and judicial sentiment are such that the railroads are practically powerless to prevent trespassing.

A FANCIED SECURITY IN SIGNALS

Block-signals have been strenuously advocated as a panacea for collisions. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission effectually banish the illusion that signals afford immunity from accident. During the fiscal year under consideration no less than nineteen of the ninety-six disastrous collisions reported, occurred at points where block-signals were installed. Out of 238 persons killed in the ninety-six collisions, ninety-seven, or more than forty per cent., were killed in the nineteen which happened in spite of the signals. As less than fifteen per cent. of the total railroad mileage of the United States is equipped with block-signals, we thus have official evidence of the failure of this form of mechanical device to give adequate protection—not through any

fault of the signal system, be it understood, but in spite of it.

Elsewhere in this article it is shown that three of the fifteen prominent collisions which occurred during April, May and June, 1904, involving deaths and injuries in about the same relative proportions, were not prevented by the signal apparatus placed there for the purpose.

Undoubtedly block-signals do add to the facility and safety of train movements where the traffic is heavy, when backed up by a strict performance of duty on the part of employes. None is quicker to recognize the merits and possibilities of signal appliances than railway officials themselves, and each year sees a larger percentage of the total mileage equipped with this form of mechanical protection. The Interstate Commerce Commission, however, not satisfied with the present rate of progress, is campaigning for an immediate

general order of this kind would seem to be entirely unjustifiable.

The commission says:

"The same reasons that existed for the introduction of the automatic coupler and air brake by the provisions of the safety appliance act in 1893 apply to the prevention of collisions by compulsory use of the block system."

What has been accomplished by the supersession of the old and now obsolete link-and-pin by the automatic couplers? During the ten years from 1894 to 1903 inclusive, the average number of employes killed annually in coupling and uncoupling accidents was 245, while the deaths from this cause in 1903 were 281—considerably higher than the average for the decade and greater, with two exceptions, than in any single year since 1893. In other words, with only twenty-five per cent. of all railroad equipment



A TYPICAL FREIGHT "SMASH-UP" ON ALMOST ANY AMERICAN RAILROAD

adoption of the block-signal, regardless of conditions. In the light of past experience and a comprehensive knowledge of the whole railroad situation, a

fitted with automatic couplers in 1894, there were not in that year as many fatalities of this class as in 1903, when the application of automatic couplers

was practically complete. Judged by results, this is a far from convincing argument for the compulsory adoption of block-signals.

A bill now before congress provides for spreading over a term of years the expenditure of the two or three hundred million dollars required to meet such a demand. But were all the roads able to stand the strain, even on this "easy payment" plan, there would still be the objection that at least a large part of this stupendous outlay is quite unnecessary. The bill makes compulsory, at the discretion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the application of some system of block-signal to practically every foot of railway in the United States. There are thousand of miles where signals would be as superfluous as two rudders on a ship. Who shall judge of when the limit of safety without signals has been reached? The railroad companies are installing signals wherever they will be of real service as fast as funds can be found to do the work. Legislation like that proposed would burden them with useless expenditures that might be applied to other purposes. The standard rules in use on every road are, if lived up to, quite as effective as any statutory remedies to prevent accidents.

DON'T BANKRUPT THE RAILROADS

It is an economic axiom that no indus-

try can be charged with greater expense than its earnings warrant. This principle was clearly recognized by the committee of state railway commissioners appointed by the national body to investigate and report upon safety appliances and block-signals. In their report, read at the annual convention of railway commissioners at Birmingham in November, they say: "On many roads the traffic is so light that these large expenditures would be prohibitive." Yet there are some who pretend to say that the question of cost deserves no consideration when human life hangs in the balance.

A governmental order of so sweeping a nature as that contemplated by the Interstate Commerce Commission would soon vitiate the integrity of railroad interests, and have a far-reaching effect on business conditions generally — almost as great, it may well be feared, as would an enlargement of the powers of the commission to the extent it is now seeking in the making of rates.

Our railroads are being ground between the upper and nether millstones of an insistent public demand on the one hand for higher speeds and unlimited facilities, on the other for lower rates and greater safety of operation. It is time the American people realized the difficulties that stand in the way of reconciling these two extremes.

A MAN

By MARGARET ASHMUN

MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

SOMETIMES the world seems black with shame and dole —
 The grimy haunt of sin-smirched, evil men;
 Then shines the unstained whiteness of your soul,
 And all the earth is clean and fair again.

THE GARDEN OF THE SKY

By MIRIAM SHEFFEY

MARION, VIRGINIA

They say I shall not live to see the Spring:
That I shall nevermore behold
The beauty of my garden as bud and leaf unfold
In token of a glorious blossoming.

They say that I shall never live to see
The radiant morns, the azure noons,
The tender Springtime twilights, the golden Springtime moons,
Nor hear the flashing bluebird's melody.

No more will hyacinths their fragrance shed,
Or lilies-of-the-valley wake.
The violets and windflowers, that blossomed for my sake,
Will lift their heads in vain when I am dead.

No more will peachblows blush or lilacs wave.
The music of the wind and rain,
The laughter of the sunshine I shall not know again
When hidden in the darkness of my grave.

I shall not miss this gladness when I die,
For blossoms fine and blossoms fair,
Of rich and fadeless splendor await my coming there,
Within the wondrous Garden of the Sky.

I shall forget the bluebird's little song.
Through heavenly spaces I shall hear
The holy angel-anthems, too vast for mortal ear,
Majestic, grand, divinely sweet and strong.

I shall forget the sunshine laughter soon,
The joyous beauty of the earth,
The wind and rain of April, the Maytime moon and mirth,
In that Fair Land which needs not sun and moon.



PRENTICE MULFORD, THE NEW GOSPELER, AN AMERICAN CHARACTER

PRENTICE MULFORD, THE NEW GOSPELER

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "For the Pleasure of His Company," "South Sea Idyls," etc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT is perhaps a little singular that I cannot remember just when and how I first met Prentice Mulford. It seems as if we had always known one another, away back in those early days on the Pacific shore; but we grew more intimate while we were stopping at the old Hotel de France, down by the waterside, near the foot of Broadway, in Oakland, California—and that was in 1867.

He was writing for the daily and weekly press at the time and this kept him busy whenever he felt industrious, but there were delightful intervals when he felt and acted as if the world was all before him, where to choose, and he was not hurrying to make a choice. The truth is, he loved his freedom, and he had fairly revelled in it from his

youth up. When he was forty-nine years of age he retired from the world and built himself a little hermitage in the swampy wilds of New Jersey. The true story of that experience he has told with much humor—humor was ever his saving grace—in a volume of the White Cross Library entitled "The Swamp Angel."

In this unique narrative he says:—"I have seen in these forty-nine years, two years of life as an indifferent sailor on a merchant vessel and whaler. On the latter I was cook, to the misery of all on board who come within the range of my culinary misdeeds.

"I was twelve years in California, where I dug a little gold and a good deal of dirt. I had taught school, tended bar, kept a grocery, run for the legisla-

ture, been a post-officer, peddled a very tough article of beef, on horseback, to the miners on the Terolumne river bars and gulches, started a hog ranch and failed, served as a special policeman and tax collector, kept an express office, prospected for silver in the Nevadas; found nothing but snow, scenery and misery; preempted no end of land, laid out towns which are laid out yet, run a farm to weeds and farrow land, and lectured and written a good deal for the papers. Before I started out in life, when a boy of fourteen, I had charge of a country hotel, which I ran ashore in four years; but it never cost the girls and boys of my youthful era one cent for horse-hire out of my stables."

In these old days I found him a weatherbeaten young man, as shy as a country boy, and with many traits that must have resembled Thoreau in his youth. This shyness he ultimately overcame, but not until after years of painful struggle.

In January, 1874, he wrote me from London: "I extract more than one grain of comfort from my present situation, as I consider it exactly the discipline I need to crush out this damnable oversensitiveness and to put me where I think I belong, through my own effort. I don't feel very much depressed, for I've a 'fighting-mad' on to meet the world. So surely as I told you, if you recollect, a little over two years ago, that I would come to England—so surely do I tell you now, that in the course of two or three years more I go where I deem I ought to be. I need hard pressure to bring out what is in me, on the same principle that it requires hard pressure to extract the choicest juice of the grape."

Mulford was never more charming than in the old days at the Hotel de France. In my alleged novel, "For the Pleasure of His Company," in the chapter entitled "Scribes and Pharisees," I have endeavored to restore the now

obsolete hotel and its forlorn garden. I have said: "In the rear of the hotel a long and narrow garden ran down to the water's edge; a tide-washed estuary separated the garden from a broad marsh; beyond the marsh a grove of wind-warped oaks marked the middle distance and contrasted well with the purple outlines of the distant foothills of the Coast Range. A long, one-story wooden building, with a veranda, sheltered the windy side of the garden. It was divided into single rooms, with a door and a window in each; arbors with tables of various sizes in them were scattered over the grounds; there were several spaces allotted to the out-of-door games so popular with those who habitually dine *al fresco*, and everywhere the garden paths were hedged with artichokes that strove in vain to hide a hopeless but happy mingling of flowers and kitchen vegetables.

"Diogenes came late—dear, delightful Diogenes, whose youth seemed to have spontaneously matured and whose gravity was of the light-comedy cast."

Now, the Diogenes here referred to was none other than Prentice Mulford, and he and I at the time had rooms adjoining, in the detached cottage that flanked the garden. It was quite Mexican in character, this long, low cottage; everything about it sagged a little and was slowly slipping to decay.

Prentice, as we all called him, used to pace up and down among the mingled poppies and artichokes, sometimes laughing quietly to himself—for he was a confirmed humorist; his very brown eyes fairly glowed with mirth and his mouth seemed ever to be trying to repress a smile.

Sometimes he would pass the day in a boat, threading the Alameda marshes farther side o' the creek. Once I went with him and we took our luncheon with us; there was much good talk that day, grave and gay, and the hours were not half long enough. Sometimes he coursed



PRENTICE MULFORD AT PLAY—"I LOAF AND INVITE MY SOUL."

the hills, always all alone, and came home late to dinner with abundant wild-flowers in his hands, which he divided among us with the naive simplicity of a child.

He was advertised to lecture at San Antonio, a pretty village now swallowed up in the all-absorbing Oakland. We resolved—our little coterie at the hotel de France—to go in a body to this lecture and boom the lecturer. We filled

a victoria to overflowing on that eventful night. Our triumphant entry into the pastoral twilight of San Antonio created almost as much excitement as the street parade of a country circus. There was a bonfire in front of the courthouse, and young folk clustered about it and there was a boy with a big bass drum, which he beat wildly as we drew near.

Prentice lectured in the courtroom to an audience that was sparse and un-

responsive. The lecturer described his solitary wanderings in the fastnesses of the Sierras; the vicissitudes in the life of a gold hunter, seeking a livelihood and a vocation—for his heart was ever open to conviction. He tried to make it clear to that handful of villagers that there is something finer than refined gold, and that something is after all the one thing worth seeking; it can be had for the asking—if only one knows how to ask and asks in earnest. There were beautiful descriptive passages, plaintively delivered—pictures in the depths of the forest, alone at night, the camp-fire darting its golden arrows into the canopy of leaves; a lone star now and again visible for a moment, as if it had parted the branches far above him to look down upon the solitary soul alone in that vast wilderness; we could almost hear the mysterious snapping of twigs, and the mournful voices of the night: the haunting voices that thrill one and chill one's blood. There were touches of poetry and bits of cheerful philosophy scattered along the rippling humor of the whole and we, his followers, were very proud of him. There was no charge for admission to that courthouse; such villagers do not leave their comfortable homes nor refrain from their early beds if they have to pay in advance for the privilege. Prentice felt that the fairer way was to take up a collection at the close of the entertainment and then each could contribute what he felt it in his heart to give.

The hat was passed; the audience silently withdrew; we heartily congratulated our hero and then turned to note the contents of the hat that had gone the rounds. O Charity! How many sins find shelter under cover of thee! The hat contained—five dimes, (there were no smaller coins in circulation in the California of those days) several horn buttons, a suspender buckle and the fraction of a fine-toothed comb. We drove homeward in a weird frame of

mind, but our late supper was a joy and happily restored our souls, so that at some unrecorded hour toward the dawn we sought our pillows at peace with all the world.

Mulford started for London before I did, but we met there in 1873—met in the very room which Joaquin Miller had long inhabited; his Mexican saddle in its Saratoga trunk stood against the wall of the room in proof of it. Prentice and I occupied the same room for a while, since there were but six in the house all told, piled two and two a-top of each other and all engaged for the season. I had Miller's bed to myself; Mulford had a camping outfit and protested that he preferred the floor.

It seemed odd for us to be there in Miller's room in London, for he was our dear old friend and we each hailed from the wild lands of Oregon, the Sierras and the South Seas. Sometimes I awakened in the dead of night—or rather at two in the morning—because it was so still; that is the only hour, the only moment when London is still, save just before Big Ben strikes twelve at midnight, on the last day of the last month of the year—and then all London holds its breath to listen, and the effect is ghastly. Sometimes, I say, I awakened at two in the morning, and from under my half-shut eyelids I saw Prentice sitting up in his blankets, his saucepan over a spirit lamp by his side and something savory sizzling therein for his frugal midnight repast. There was always a merry twinkle in his eye; perhaps he was thinking of the forest primeval as he knew it in days of yore, or of the garden of artichokes on the shore of Oakland creek and of the contrast as we found ourselves marooned, as it were, in that great dead sea of humanity—he and I alone together in our bohemian Bloomsbury lodgings.

Mulford's humor was of the dryest quality—he seemed to enjoy it as much as everyone else did. One day he said

to me: "Come! You are wasting time: you have seen nothing of London; I will pilot you today!" He knew his London well. We went forth into a fog that was of the pea-soup variety. It seemed useless to wait any longer for it to clear off. The days were all alike and were darker than twilight ever dared to be. I clung to Mulford's coatsleeve, for I knew if he were once to get beyond my reach I could never hope to find him again. We groped blindly among the streets, where the atmosphere was only less palpable than the houses that walled us in. At intervals we inquired where we were, for otherwise we could never have known at all. We had to feel our way carefully and take soundings at intervals. "Here," said Prentice, as we paused in space, "Here is Temple Bar!" I thought I saw something that might have been the ghost of an arch hewn out of the solid fog. The top of it, though it was not lofty, was lost to view. Temple Bar, now gone forever from the place where its gates once swung in the wall of the old city. It was here Her Gracious Majesty Victoria of England was wont to receive the keys of the city from the hands of the lord mayors, when she drove in state to St. Paul's cathedral. We threaded Fleet street, but could not see to the farther shore.

"Here is Her Majesty's Tower," said Prentice, but nothing of it was visible, not one stone upon another. We crossed London bridge almost without knowing it; the waters of the Thames, which are but condensed fog, were invisible from the parapet, and the steam ferries were picking their way cautiously and looking very like marine monsters in a muddy aquarium. We crawled through the tunnel for foot traffic under the Thames, which was like a hole in the fog, and for hours carried the sky about on our shoulders; it was a woolly, greasy and ill-smelling sky. Our nostrils were clogged with cinders, like chimney flues, and there were smudges all over our

faces. Sometimes for a moment or two we saw a spot overhead that was like a pale red wafer and we knew it for the sun, now lost to us. The lamps that burned all day were like glow-worms for dimness; and so we explored the wonders of the town and saw as much of it as a blind man sees, but no more.

Mulford's nature seemed to broaden and deepen rapidly with those first experiences abroad. I could hardly realize that he was the same person who went afield in the Oakland days and was happy if he brought home a handful of grass and wild flowers at evening. Of course he was not the same; he was turning himself inside out and taking a wondrous interest in the life about him.

He once wrote me thus: "I have three things to say to you:—Come to Paris! Come to Paris! Come to Paris! London is hell. Paris is heaven."

Perhaps he found Paris a little more like heaven because he had recently married a young lady of singular charm. He once told her story, and his, in an article that appeared in a London magazine, but the name and the date of that periodical I have forgotten. I hope it will be thought no indiscretion if I confess that in a book of mine called "Exits and Entrances" there are two London sketches entitled "Hampstead Heath" and "Bloomsbury Lodgings." Therein I write of one J— "the blue J—" I call him; and of "Josie" and of "Junius". In "Bloomsbury Lodgings" I say:—"There was an aromatic odor of bride cake in the air. There was great rejoicing in the catacomb. Everybody was unnaturally gay, as everybody is wont to be when two souls have but a single thought—which argues a great want of originality in one of them—and that thought is the unutterable one that includes license, parson, clerk, etc."

Now, since these papers of mine are confidences and need go no further than this, I may whisper that the J—, "the

blue J—" in the case, was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be none other than Joaquin Miller; "Junius" is, or was, Prentice Mulford, and "Josie" the little lady who became his wife. "Bloomsbury Lodgings" are at No. 11 Museum street, one door from Oxford street, and one block from the entrance to the British Museum.

The Mulfords traveled on the continent and enjoyed the best of good fellowship for some years. They settled in New York City, where Prentice was over head and ears in daily journalism. It was in the days of the "Graphic" and it was Mulford's duty to read all the news of the world, sift it, condense it and pack it in a nutshell for the nibbling of those scudding souls that have not time for details. Those nuts could be cracked and gulped on the wing.

But that sort of thing could not go on forever. He had a mission and he was convinced of the fact; the difficulty was to find the way to enter upon it. He found it in time, but the struggle was a hard one. He left New York and wrote me: "Things are comfortable with me in Boston and growing more so. I have come to the conclusion that a man may have whatever he wants, or, rather, needs, by setting his mind on it and waiting for it to come. I travel now on that basis and school myself not to worry for the morrow; be as rich as circumstances will allow today. I say to myself that I am a pretty good fellow, and when I've done my best, I trust to the Lord to do his best for me.

"I have learned to crochet, to knit my own undershirts, to play lawn tennis, to sketch a very little, and some other things. I would like to tell you 'lots.' Can't you visit me? Should like to see you more than I can tell. Boston is unique and worth a study."

I am not easily startled. Probably it is fortunate for me that such is the case. There is always enough wear and tear, even in the most ordinary life, to make

it worth one's while to cultivate repose and avoid excesses of whatever nature. One day I received the following message from Prentice Mulford:

"Very glad indeed to receive your letter, very glad indeed—a breath of the old days in Oakland, San Francisco, London, New York. * * * *"



JOSIE — MRS. PRENTICE MULFORD

"I must tell you that Josie and I are matrimonially separated, but not by any means socially. It is better all around, and mutually agreeable all around. * * I never enjoyed life better. Am in fine health, good digestion, go sailing about almost every day, own a boat, dress in flannel shirts on the go-as-you-please plan. Independent but not crazy.

"Poor, dear Mrs. B— sent me a goody-goody letter on the basis that Josie and I were doing the proper 'capah' as man and wife. Of course I had to tell her that we were not—months ago, this; have not heard a word from her since. Suppose she is shocked and counts me ruined. You know that with a certain order of people I am

ruined about once in every seven years. And it seems quite impossible for the average world to understand that parties can separate good friends without any row and goings on, and going 'round among people to tell your little old tale of trouble o'er and o'er. And they do love it so; and do hate you so unless you do it."

Mrs. B— was our very good friend, one of the little coterie at the Hotel de France in "For the Pleasure of His Company," and there known as "The Pompadour." We were all very fond of her and proud of her, for she was stately and beautiful. I had written to Prentice to tell him that she had fallen upon evil times and was dying a lingering death. He replied:

"Sad what you write about Mrs. B—, but as I now see things, Charlie, it is all the natural ending of people with neither convictions nor principles to stand on. You may think this hard, but you would not could I explain myself more at length. She was good and generous, but her estimate of life, of living, was narrow. Hence the result."

After the dissolution of the matrimonial partnership, Mulford seems to have cut loose from the world—or at least from that phase of it with which he had become much involved. His wish was to commune with nature and with his own soul. He desired solitude, and as much of silence as one can ever hope to find out of doors.

In "The Swamp Angel" Prentice Mulford tells the story of his amateur hermit life, and tells it with so much humor that one half suspects that he had never taken himself quite seriously—but I cannot wholly believe that.

He says in "The Swamp Angel": "I had long entertained the idea of building for myself a house in the woods, and there living alone. Not that I was cynical or disgusted with the world. I have no reason to be disgusted with the world. It has given me lots of amuse-

ment, sandwiched between headaches, periods of repentance, and sundry hours spent in the manufacture of good resolutions, many of which I could not keep because they spoiled so quickly on my hands. I have tried to treat the world pretty well, and it has rewarded me. For the world invariably returns kick for kick, frown for frown, smile for smile.

"I found at last in New Jersey, a piece of woods, a swamp, a spring near by, a rivulet, and, above all, a noble, wide-spreading oak. The owner willingly consented to my building there, and under the oak I built."

From that hermitage he wrote me: "I am living alone at present, in the country, in a house I built for myself. I look often on your photograph, which is hung up here, and think."

He was in process of weaning and had not yet cut all the threads that bound him in affection to his fellow men. In a postscript he adds: "Josie is in Florida with her present husband."

When he abandoned his hermitage he did it in this fashion: "I had imagined I could live happily alone with nature, and largely independent of the rest of the human race. I couldn't. I don't believe anybody can. Nature has taught me better. I found that the birds went in pairs and in flocks; that plants and trees grew in families; that ants live in colonies, and that everything of its kind had a tendency to live and grow together. But here I was, a single bit of the human race, trying to live alone and away from my kind. The birds and trees were possibly glad of my admiration for them, but they said:—'You don't belong to us. You shouldn't try to belong to us. You belong to your own race; go join them again; cultivate them. We live our own lives; you can't get wholly into our lives. You're not a bird, that you can live in a nest and on uncooked seeds; or a squirrel, that can live in a hole in a tree; or a tree, that can root itself in one place and stay

there, as you've been trying to do. A hermit is one who tries to be a tree, and draw nourishment from one spot, when he is really a great deal more than a tree, and must draw life and recreation from many persons and places. A bear is not so foolish as to try and live among foxes; neither should a man try to live entirely among trees, because they cannot give him all that he must have to get the most out of life. So I left my hermitage, I presume forever, and carted my bed and pots and pans to the house of a friend perched on the brink of the Palisades opposite Tinker's."

That Prentice Mulford had a mission and that he did not labor in vain has been proved beyond a peradventure by his large and enlightened following. If his name is not upon every lip and his work not noised abroad, it is because he was a silent worker, and they work silently who are under his spiritual guidance. The elements of his philosophy are opposed to all noisy demonstration.

The themes he loved to treat are such as appeal to the thoughtful seeker—"Love Is Life," "Sympathy Is Force," "Our Thoughts Are Forces," "Thoughts Are Things," "Thought Is an Element," "Strength Is Born of Rest," "Truths Prove Themselves," "New Thoughts Bring Life," "Power and Talent Grow in Repose," "Truths Bring Health: Lies Breed Disease."

The culmination of his philosophy, the core of his creed, the first article of the faith he sought to found, are embodied in his remarkable essay, "The Church of Silent Demand." It may be found, together with more than seventy other tracts, in the six volumes of his published works called "The White Cross Library."

In 1885 Prentice wrote me: "I have for many years gone into Catholic cathedrals and churches when opportunity offered, there to sit, if for ever

so few minutes; and every morning I now enter, for a similar purpose, the little French chapel, close by my office, of Notre Dame des Victoires; and in those sittings am I more and more impressed with what is of grandeur, sweetness and sacredness of Rome. * * *

"The Infinite is with us in all creeds and nations, and to call on the Infinite for more power, patience, courage and cheerfulness is to get it."

I have a photograph of Prentice Mulford, upon the back of which he has written: "The remains of your friend after fifty years of struggle with himself."

While he was in the hermitage—where, no doubt, the struggle was continued—he wrote me: "A man must have some room and play for his frailties. It is quite enough to be accountable to himself for them. I wish you were here!"

That struggle ceased long before his mysterious passage to the other life, and of that passage I will not write here, but later on, perhaps, in a paper to be called "The Passing of Prentice Mulford."

In writing of "The Church of Silent Demand," he says: "We suggest the following inscription as appropriate to be placed on the front of the chapel:

THE CHURCH OF SILENT DEMAND
TO
THE SUPREME POWER

and the following placed so as to be clearly read within the chapel:

"Demand first Wisdom, so as to know what to ask for."

"'Ask and ye shall receive.' Ask imperiously, but ask in a willing mood for what the Supreme Power sees best for you."

"'Love thy neighbor as thy self,' but demand good first for yourself that you may be the better fitted to do good to all."

HEIMWEH

By JESSIE WHITTAKER

DENTON, TEXAS

I DWELL where heaven-piercing
heights
Make my poor lips grow dumb;
Whose majesty and glory bid
My feet no nearer come:
But oh, mine eyes are hungry for
The low, green hills of home!

I know where world-famed rivers
flow,
Begirt with steel-wrought zones:
But there's a path a brook divides—
Few know its trancing tones;
And ah, my feet are weary for
Its cool, gray stepping-stones!

AULD LANG SYNE

By MARY E. FITZGERALD

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MISS HATHAWAY looked around the platform of the elevated station when she left the train at 11:30 p.m., but her brother, who was usually there to escort her home after the Thomas concert, was not to be seen.

Not feeling the least fear, she descended the stairs. As she stopped at the bottom step to get a better hold on her dress, a figure emerged from the shadow and caught her by the throat, then as suddenly released her.

She fell in a heap, half fainting, and allowed herself to be lifted by someone, who talking to her as soothingly as if she were a child, brushed the snow from her dress, straightened her hat, fastened her fur collar and collected her scattered belongings as deftly as a woman.

"It's a beastly shame to have frightened you so," he said, as she sobbed once or twice. "There! Lean on me. I think you are more frightened than hurt. We'll walk slowly until you feel better; do you go straight ahead?"

She nodded and they started.

"You don't remember me, do you, Miss Hathaway? I'm Johnnie Kempton."

"Indeed, I do remember you," she said, brightening a little. "You were the greatest little rogue I ever saw. One of my stock stories is about the white mice you put in my desk. My, but I was frightened when I opened the drawer and saw them running around!"

"Yes," said he, laughing heartily, "I'll never forget the jump you gave and the race you made for the door; but you told me to put them in the drawer, you know."

"Yes, but I never thought they were real mice, and when I saw them running around, I forgot all my newly acquired dignity and ran."

"And do you remember the day I got a black eye and a tooth knocked out, fighting the boy who was in that yellow-haired teacher's room, because he said she was prettier than you?"

Miss Hathaway laughed again.

"You bad boy! You made me a perfect laughing-stock. You knew she was a beauty and I only a plain little everyday body."

"If you were plain, I'd like to know where they find their pretty girls," he

said energetically. "You were as pretty as a picture, and you haven't changed, either. I knew you the minute I saw you."

"Oh," said she, thinking of her fright; "how lucky that you came along. I suppose your coming frightened the wretch away. I shall never venture out alone again, and I have always been so brave," she mourned. "Do you live on the West Side, Johnnie?"

"No, ma'am, I live on the North Side. I am just visiting."

"Well, lucky indeed it is for me; but what are you doing, John? I feel sure you are one of our 'rising citizens,' because you were such a little steam engine; everything just had to go your way."

"I—I worked at different things. My mother died. You know I left school

a little while after I left your room. I couldn't stand that next teacher, and I guess she couldn't stand me. Anyhow I left. I ain't doing much now, but I expect a job soon."

"Well, here we are. Come up to see me, Johnnie, and tell me all about yourself. Such a gallant little champion, and such a fierce little fighter as you were! Some part of you was always tied up in rags. Talking with you makes me feel young again—that is, when I don't look at you. How tall are you, Johnnie? About eight feet?"

And she looked up smiling.

The electric light blazed up suddenly, and she saw, at the corner of his mouth, the little scar which had impressed itself upon her consciousness during that horrible second when the cruel fingers had clutched her throat.

"STILL LIFE" ❁ A Photographic Study





HER SILVER WEDDING

By MRS. EDITH CRUMBAKER

DUNCAN'S FALLS, OHIO

ALL her married life she had hoped to have the great pleasure of celebrating at least one of the anniversaries of the crowning event in a woman's life.

But as the years went by there seemed never to be any opportunity for doing so. In the earlier years their means were limited. Then their children kept coming so fast that their mother, it seemed, was ever busy baking the birthday cakes and making their little coats and jackets. But the fond hope of some time being able to celebrate the wedding day never left her for a moment. The day never came around without her remembering it, and the work never seemed quite so hard to her that day; her eyes shone brighter and heart and step were lighter for the precious memories it brought her.

At last, after long years of patient waiting, it seemed that the way was clear for the realization of her heart's desire. The twenty-fifth year, the silver anniversary, was in sight. The cares and responsibilities that had enfolded them in the earlier years of their life together were gone. Their children were all almost grown. One son was married and a dear little grand-child had found a place in her faithful, loving heart.

Her husband agreed with her that it really did look as if they might celebrate this coming anniversary.

As time sped along and everything continued favorable, she began making preparation for the joyful event, and many and long were the consultations before any arrangement could be made that suited her critical taste. The table linen was selected with great care and was finer and glossier than any she had ever felt able to indulge herself in before. These she most carefully hemmed and laid them away in the fragrant depths of her bureau drawers.

From time to time pretty pieces were added to her store of dishes, lovely china cups and saucers and a most beautiful salad bowl being the choicest of her treasures.

And did she never complain of being tired through all this stress of extra work? Banish the thought! The feeling of weariness was almost unknown. Her youth seemed in some mysterious way to have been renewed and she kept on from day to day cheered and upheld by the near approach of the realization of her dreams.

The house was put in the most perfect order possible, for she would have every-

thing speckless and spotless on this day of all days. Then the question of whom to invite came up and it took a great deal of wisdom to decide this matter. Their rooms were not large and there were a great many relatives on both sides of the house and they would not wish to appear to slight anyone; but even this most vexing problem was settled. They would have only their nearest of kin and a few of the closest friends. She was much grieved that the dear pastor who had performed the marriage ceremony could not be with them, but he had removed to a distant state and was too feeble to come. And so in happiest anticipation and in loving preparation, the time came when the guests must be invited. No formal announcement had been made; no publicity had been given to it; a feeling of the sacredness of it all had kept her from discussing it with any of her friends.

The husband was a professional man, and came in to dinner one evening more than usually tired and worn.

While comfortably seated in his easy chair before the open fire, evening paper in hand, his wife came in and said she must get her notes of invitation written, as it was quite time they were out.

Glancing over the top of the paper he was reading, he remarked: "I don't believe we care for that anniversary celebration, do we? It will be a great deal of trouble. Our rooms are small and, besides, it will make a lot of folks angry with us, and I think we had better just let it go."

For an instant everything grew dark before her astonished eyes, but this feeling soon passed away and she was given strength quietly to acquiesce and a few moments later to leave the room. Entering her bedroom she knelt and tried to pray, but the words faltered on her trembling lips and relief came to her only through a rush of hot and angry tears.

Long, long she knelt there, while the

shades of evening settled down upon the earth and entering the quiet room gave to the kneeling form the seclusion that she must have so that the wounded heart would show no scar, and that no one would know of the sense of injury, of discouragement and humiliation that oppressed her. As the moments dragged by, the tears were dried upon her cheeks, but the hurt was still in her heart.

That night as her husband lay sleeping, she was given a retrospective glance into her whole past life. Out of the half-forgotten past it seemed to rise and passed in slow and solemn pageantry before her burning eyes. First came her happy girlhood, as she went to the country school and later as she taught in those schools. The happy days of their courtship and marriage brought a shadowy smile to the pale lips, but soon the earlier years of their married life came to her and clamored for her remembrance. Then the trials, the mistakes, the hardships, the poverty. O, the poverty! All these and more passed unbidden before her aching vision. The flower-like face of her baby girl gleamed out of the clouds and mists that hide us from heaven. The sunny curls of the little boy who died shone down upon her. She thought of the days of suffering she had undergone; for disease had fastened upon her. She thought of the days and nights of watching they two had spent together; of the anxiety and care over the welfare of their children; of the many things that had conspired to dim the luster of their eyes and to make them older than their years. And thus the strange night, with its shifting scenes, passed by, and although the tears coursed down the pale cheeks, she made no cry and spoke no word, but through it all her heart was lifted to the source of all comfort and help, and when the morning came glancing joyously into her room it found her resting quietly, fully prepared to go about her usual tasks.

MAKING STOCK FOR SOUPS

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

IN homes where soup is served daily at dinner, the stock-pot becomes a necessity; not alone for economical reasons, but for the sake of convenience as well; for from good stock an almost endless variety of savory and wholesome soups may be made with little trouble.

The most nutritious and best flavored stock is prepared from fresh, uncooked beef and cracked bones. The addition of the bones becomes a necessity for two reasons: they add greatly to the strength and flavor of the stock, and,—which is the chief concern—furnish the glutinous properties almost wholly lacking in the beef itself, two ounces of bones containing as much gelatine as one pound of beef. The bones must be cracked before cooking, in order that the water can more easily dissolve the gelatine and free it from the earthy matter in which it is stored.

To make a satisfactory stock of delicate flavor, take four pounds of shank or shin beef, cut into rather small pieces and crack the bones. Put into a scrupulously clean soup kettle having a double bottom and a closely fitting cover with a tiny opening for the escape of steam. The use of such a kettle lessens the danger of scorching and preserves the flavor of the stock. Pour over the meat and bones four quarts unsalted cold water—the use of hot water would seal up the pores of the beef and thus defeat the end in view, which is the extraction of the juice. Let stand until the juices color the water, then put over the fire and cook gently for several hours or until the meat is in shreds and the liquid is reduced one-half. Season with salt and pepper and strain into a jar. By this method the sweetness of the meat is completely extracted. During the cooking skim frequently and thoroughly.

A little cold water poured in now and then will assist the scum in rising. This injunction must not be disregarded if clear stock is desired. When cold, remove the accumulation of fat, which should be clarified for drippings. A transparent jelly will remain in the crock and constitutes the stock which in turn becomes the basis of many wholesome soups.

To use stock, cut off the required quantity, add water, bring to a boil, flavor and serve. Vegetables or cereals to be used in soups made from stock should be previously cooked, for prolonged boiling impairs the delicate flavor which is the life of the stock. Clear soups should be transparent, those to which thickening is added of the consistency of heavy cream.

To make white stock from which to evolve the more dainty or creamed soups, substitute for the beef given in the formula six pounds of a knuckle of veal cut fine and poultry trimmings. Then proceed according to directions given.

In small families the most economical way of making soup is to keep a stock-pot, into which should be thrown the scraps of beef and bits of ham left over from meals, gravies from the roasts, trimmings from steaks and so forth and ends always in evidence before and after meals. Cover with cold water and simmer until a rich broth is obtained, then draw off and season. A kettle having a closely fitting cover and a faucet to draw off the soup should be provided. Every two or three days the stock-pot should be emptied, scalded and aired, else the soup will have a stale flavor.

The best herbs for flavoring stock soups are thyme, sweet marjoram, tara-

gon, mint, sweet basil, parsley, bay leaves, cloves, celery seed and mace. The principal vegetables used in soups are onions, potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, asparagus, green corn, green peas, let-

tuce, beans, parsnips and mushrooms.

Of the cereals, rice and barley are most often used. Macaroni and vermicelli are agreeable additions to an otherwise plain soup.

GARDEN CHAT: BULB INSPECTION

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

EARLY in April the crocus will be showing its bright colors; the glory-of-the-snow will be rivaling the bluest sky, and the snowdrop opening its pure white stars on each bright day.

Particular attention should be given to these earliest flowers, as well as to those that come later, to see if they are produced in sufficient numbers and are of perfect form and size. If they are not the bulbs should be examined, in order to find the cause.

Some growers favor the plan of lifting tulip and hyacinth bulbs after each blooming season and replanting in the Fall. This is not (according to my experience) needful, though these and all other bulbs need transplanting occasionally. The blossoms, or the lack of them, will show that something is wrong, and an examination of the bulbs will show what the trouble is to the one who understands their habits of growth.

A very little time spent in studying the crocus will show that a new bulb (properly speaking it is a corm) forms each year, and that it forms directly on top of the old one. Knowing this, it is easy to understand how they soon get so near the surface of the soil that the alternate freezing and thawing of the late Winter and early Spring heaves them out. If they survive this and develop a few blossoms, the heat and dryness of mid-Summer will burn out what little life is left.

The narcissus, the tulip, the hyacinth

and many others have an exactly opposite habit of growth, and go deeper into the soil each year, until they get so far down that the foliage is spindling and if a few sickly buds form they blast before opening. Other bulbs multiply so rapidly that they form a compact mass, and when this is the case the effect is the same as when too deeply covered.

When the blooming period gives evidence that the roots are not in good condition, keep watch of the plant until the foliage is ripe (yellow) and then dig up the bulbs and keep them in some cool place until Fall, or, if it is more convenient, mark the spot and transplant them later on.

The feeding-roots ripen and separate from the bulb at about the same time as the foliage, leaving it entirely dormant, and while in this condition it may be moved without injury; but when left in the ground the new roots start very early in the Fall, and the transplanting should be done before this growth starts.

When bulbs are not to be transplanted the bed may be filled, as soon as weather permits, with annuals or other plants which can be left to die in the Fall, and by the time the bulb-foliage is gone the other plants will be growing nicely.

Do not use such plants as must be taken up in the Fall, for the roots of the bulbs are then loosened and do not have time enough to get firmly fixed in the soil again.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS

By MRS. C. E. JACOBY
Sioux Rapids, Iowa

Pour fourteen ounces of hot, soft water over one drachm of gum tragacanth. Let stand until all dissolved, which will take about twenty-four hours. Then add two ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol and a few drops of rosewater. Keep in a wide-mouthed bottle.

TWO ECONOMIES

By LENA B. LEARY
Mattoax, Virginia

A nice way to utilize the dried scraps of fruit cake is to grind them up in the meat chopper and stir into ginger-bread batter. Baked in a loaf and served with a rich wine sauce it makes a delicious dessert for a cold day.

In cooking rice — of course everyone cooks it dry in the good old southern way — save the water it has been boiled in to use for starch. It will give exactly the right stiffness to handsome centerpieces and other dainty articles.

A HINT FOR BAKING DAY

By ALICE J. RICHE
Nora Springs, Iowa

If troubled by your loaves of bread sagging over the edge of the baking pan, cut strips of heavy wrapping paper about four inches wide, and adjust around the pan so as to extend above the edge half the width of the paper, or more. Fasten together with pin. This will support the loaf till baked enough to stand alone.

A strip of cloth may be pinned around a pie pan to prevent the two crusts separating.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

By HELEN HUNT
Glover, Vermont

I am reminded by Fannie Woods' Home-Made Extracts in January number that the simplest way, is to buy one-half ounce of any essential oil and use one drop of it in place of the usual amount of extract. The cost is trifling, there is no danger of impure alcohol, it will keep indefinitely and you know that you have the real thing. Peppermint, wintergreen, clover, lemon, orange and others may be used in this way.

CURE FOR A COLD

By DR. F. S. DUNGAN
Indianapolis, Indiana

It may not be generally known that one teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two-thirds of a glass of cold water to be taken in doses of one teaspoonful every fifteen minutes or half hour, according to the severity of the case, will relieve any ordinary cold, if taken in the early stages.

TO AVOID ACHING FINGERS

By CLARA DOUGLASS
Livonia Center, New York

I want to tell the National readers how to prevent their fingers aching when coming into a warm room with cold hands. It is simply to hold them with the ends pointing upward instead of down as it is so natural for one to do. Mothers, teach this to your little ones and see how much pain can be avoided.

QUICK COCOA

By ANNIE M. DERR
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"A Little Help" that we find a big help, cold mornings when we like, particularly for the school-children, to have a warm, nourishing drink with their too often hastily eaten breakfast, is how to make delicious cocoa with little time and trouble. Use a teaspoon each of cocoa and sugar for each cup. Place dry in saucepan and shake well; pour over it hot water. It dissolves instantly and is ready for the milk. Let come to a boil and it is ready to serve. No extra dishes to wash, and no lumpy, sticky mess, as by the old process, of dissolving cocoa by itself.

A TESTED CORN CURE

By MRS. A. A. L.
Benson, Arizona

Take a lemon, cut off a slice about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, bind this firmly to the toe over the corn upon retiring. In the morning remove the lemon. To your surprise you will find the toe white and all the soreness gone. Apply fresh slices of lemon for three or four nights, and at the end of the third or fourth morning you can remove the corn without any pain whatever. This receipt has been tested.

WHEN CHURNING

By MRS. L. H. GILLETTE
St. Charles, Missouri

The easiest and best way to wash the buttermilk out of the butter after churning is by washing it right in the churn. After the butter is churned and gathered take out the dash and pour the buttermilk off, then pour cold water over the butter in churn and splash with the dasher, gently pressing the butter. Pour this off taking clean water again until the water pours off clear. Take out butter and salt.

By MRS. S. A. STRANGE
Kendall, Washington

When churning cream that is a little strong from long standing, as is often the case in Winter, be it ever so carefully kept, let the Nationalites try one-half cup juice from a grated carrot with an equal amount of cold water to one gallon of cream. The results will be butter of a rich, sweet flavor and an even color.

TO KEEP KETTLES CLEAN

By MRS. C. E. GREENE
Riley Center, Michigan

If the readers of the National will grease well the bottoms of their kettles before setting over the fire the smoke can easily be wiped off with an old cloth before putting in the dishwater. The finest porcelain pieces may be thus treated and no harm come to them. We burn soft coal and I have found this "help" invaluable.

CLEANING A STRAW HAT

By MRS. T. A. ROSE
Sioux City, Iowa

If that favorite white straw hat of yours is yellow or is in need of cleaning try a mixture of sulphur and lemon juice. Mix to the consistency of cream and apply a thin coating, leaving until dry enough to brush off easily. If at all sceptical try a wee place and you will find it so beautifully white that you will cover the whole article.

"BEAUTY IS USE, USE BEAUTY"

By MRS. F. J. METCALF
Isabella, Oklahoma

This is for some of the western sisters who have to economize. Take 100-lb. salt sacks, rip open, sew four or six together, fell the seams nicely then die cardinal red; they make very nice everyday table-cloths and look so much nicer than the unsightly oilcloth so many use. One can make napkins of the same material; cut squares, either hemstitch them or hem on the machine. Sugar sacks make nice covers for comforts dyed with some pretty colored dyes.

FOR PUSSY'S BATH

By MRS. C. M.
Boston, Massachusetts

I am the owner of a valuable tiger cat of great beauty, which the past two years has received a weekly washing with a solution of Sulpho Napthol, the most perfect eradicator of dirt and fleas. I had tried all the other advertised remedies, but none proved so entirely safe and satisfactory as this. It keeps the cat healthy, cleanly and his fur smooth and glossy.

A MAGAZINE CLUB

By L. H.
Allentown, New York

An idea recently put into practice in our neighborhood is worth passing on; so here it is:

Ten ladies who like good reading but can afford a subscription to only one or two good magazines a year, met and each decided to subscribe to one good magazine, each person selecting a different one. Then after receiving each number and reading, it is to be passed on to another member until each one of the club has read it, when it is returned to original subscriber. Each magazine when received is marked with owner's name on back, and list of club members in order of passing on desired. It has so far proven very satisfactory. The club might consist of more or less members. It might be composed entirely of teachers, using teachers' periodicals, or other professional workers and the exchange might be the occasion of holding a little meeting or entertainment, etc.

A PANCAKE POINTER

By CLARA M. CUMMING
Centerville, South Dakota

When making pancake batter, add about one tablespoonful of melted butter to one quart of batter, and you will not have to grease the griddle. The cakes will be improved and your kitchen will not be filled with smoke.

MALARIAL TUBERCULOSIS CURED

By K. A. S.
Boston, Massachusetts

My daughter was afflicted with malarial tuberculosis on hands and feet and was under the care of the best physicians for several years. The disease was steadily exhausting her strength and finally she was confined to her bed with no hope of recovery. Being a nurse I would not think of any change that would be contrary to my training, so I continued fighting the disease with determination but without success. I became discouraged and as a last hope purchased a bottle of Liquezone; the remedy acted as a tonic at once and in a short time I noticed marked improvement. We owe it to the oxygen in Liquezone, which is a scavenger of the blood, that Winifred is with us today. And a word of highest recommendation may be welcome to other mothers.

WORK

By Henry D. Muir

It has long been a favorite
Axiom of mine
That work, like time, was
Made for slaves.
But this morning I saw a domesticated
Epileptic cat
Chasing her maltese shadow
In and around
A hastily improvised
Circus-ring.
A well-fed but entirely
Unsophisticated

Dog
Whirled by me,
The end of his long bushy tail
Grasped firmly in his
Mouth.
Even now,
As I sat here by the roadside,
Trying to become honest enough
To break into
The exclusive society
Of nut-dropping
Squirrels,

I saw a perspiring millionaire
Head swiftly his new
Automobile
Towards a swart dim blur on the
clean sky.
I called:
"Where to,—friend?"
The answer reached me with dust
in its
Throat,
But finally coughed out:
"To work!"

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

THE PACKERS AS MISUNDERSTOOD PHILANTHROPISTS

MR. GARFIELD, federal commissioner of corporations, has "investigated" the Beef trust. He finds, and reports to the president, that the great packing companies have been earning only three per cent.

This, if true, is to be explained in one of three ways:

- 1—The packers are trying to earn dividends on a vast amount of watered stock; or,
- 2—They divert the really large profits they earn into the treasuries of their auxiliary organizations—as private car lines, bye-product companies, and the like; or,
- 3—They are incompetent businessmen, a suggestion that is essentially comic.

For they fix both buying and selling prices, and have fixed the former so low that all the stock-growers are complaining, and the latter so high that we who inhabit the towns and buy the product are all grumbling.

I like to think well of my fellow men. So, if the stockmen were getting satisfactory prices from the Beef trust, and

we town folks were able to buy meats at only moderately high prices, I should be willing to credit Mr. Garfield's suggestion by inference, i. e., that the packers are really a band of cruelly misunderstood philanthropists.

Now, I don't wish any man to practice philanthropy on me; nor do I understand that the stockmen are asking anything of the kind.

Nobody, probably, expects legislation of any kind to restore the old, wasteful order of unrestrained competition. Few, I take it, wish the government to take over the meat business, or to enter any other field of industry as a competitor with private citizens, earlier than necessity may compel the step for the good of the majority.

But if the packers now in control of the meat industry of the United States were deliberately trying to educate the public up to accepting the idea of government ownership of that industry, they could not possibly choose more effective methods than those which they have lately been employing.

THE REPUBLIC VS. THE BANKING SYNDICATES

THIS number of the National was planned to present several phases of the celebrated case of the Republic vs. the Banking Syndicates, in which the

latter, as controllers of our public highways, are on trial in the court of public opinion, on the issue of their fitness to retain ownership and control of said

highways, otherwise our railroads.

Mr. Esch, joint author with Mr. Townsend of the railway rate bill which passed the lower house of congress with an almost unanimous vote and is now held up in the senate, utters a warning which these controllers of our privately owned public highways would do well to heed, but which—as I explained in these pages last month—they will not heed.

Mr. Tittmann provides the facts in detail to support Mr. Esch's assertion that five or six banking syndicates own most of our railways and control the remainder.

Mr. Allison, himself a railroad man, speaks (for railway management as at present constituted) on the subject, "What Causes Railway Accidents."

No one not selfishly interested in the private ownership of our public highways can quarrel with any part of Mr. Esch's article—not, at least, on the ground of its radicalism. Mr. Tittmann's article is a plain statement, by an expert, of large and significant facts. Mr. Allison's article is given space, not because we agree with all either of his statements of fact or his conclusions drawn therefrom, but because we believe the members of the National's family, holding court in their hundred thousand homes in every state and territory in the Union, will be glad to get "the other man's point of view" before they pass judgement upon the case of the Republic vs. the Banking Syndicates.

Mr. Allison lists a good many serious accidents as "unpreventable." Most of the others he charges are due to the carelessness or disobedience of orders by the employees of the roads.

He does not suggest—since to do so would be to give away his case entirely—

1—That most of the "unpreventable" wrecks are unpreventable only because the railways do not invariably lay steel heavy enough to carry the traffic; do not hire enough men to

patrol their tracks, bridges, etc., between trains; or,

2—That the railways too often work their trainmen so many hours on end that they become incapable of doing justice either to themselves, their employers, or the employers of both—the traveling public.

I waited five hours one night recently, in the West, for a belated train. When it arrived, I learned that it had been delayed by the wreck of a preceding train. I asked my conductor what caused the wreck.

"A broken rail."

"Why did not the track-walker find the broken rail before it was allowed to ditch a train and kill several persons?"

"Because no track-walker had been there since the preceding train passed."

"Why not?—road too poor to hire track-walkers?"

"I suppose so."

That road—I will not give its name, because it is a very good road as roads go nowadays—earns big dividends on stock representing more than twice its actual cost. Its watered stock is quoted away above par, and several considerable private fortunes have been taken out of its earnings. Yet it feels too poor to hire enough men to guarantee safe transit to its patrons.

Mr. Allison complains that the public has singled out the railroads for special criticism on the score of the loss of life and limb they cause, when the factories kill and injure many more in the same space of time; he regards this as unjust.

Mr. Allison misses the essential point. These factories, except insofar as they profit by tariff and other laws drawn to benefit them at the expense of the general public, are PRIVATE enterprises. The railroads, on the other hand, are not private enterprises. They are PUBLIC enterprises, and the public is an investing partner in them.

The public has taxed itself heavily in city, county, state and nation to pay the

bills of railroad-builders; has loaned to them its power of eminent domain, without which they could not have begun to do business; has paid them most extravagant prices for carrying its mails year after year, and in countless other ways has favored them over plain John Smith, private citizen, when John set up business on his own account.

During the seventeen years last past more than fifty thousand persons have been killed and half a million injured on the railroads of the United States.

Very likely the number would have been smaller had more of the railways' earnings been invested in better equipment and in wages, and less of it in lobbying, legislators, courts, Fifth avenue palaces, private yachts and the like.

Latterly, however, the annual killing of ten thousand citizens and the maiming of thirty to forty thousand more, has not been the worst offense of the private owners of our public highways. Their gravest crime has been their going into partnership with the trusts to rob all the people. They have, most if not all of them, violated the spirit of their charters by favoring one man, or corporation, or city, or state, at the expense of other men, corporations, cities, states. Not content to be well paid servants of

the public by whose permission they got life and hold it, they have assumed the rank and manner of masters of the public. Their treachery to the people fathered the Oil trust, the Beef trust, the Sugar trust—all the big combines that have monopolized products of general use.

Public ownership of the public highways would restore the balance: the trusts, losing their "percentage" in rates, could be successfully competed with by men of smaller capital—and would be.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS, OPENING THEIR USE TO ALL CITIZENS ON PRECISELY EQUAL TERMS, WOULD RESULT IN SUCH A FLOWERING OF INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE—NOW STARVED AND DISCOURAGED—AS THIS COUNTRY HAS NOT WITNESSED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

However, a people that hasn't gumption enough to own its public highways is not entitled to any great amount of sympathy. We ought to be thankful that we are kept alive for plucking.

THE NEXT GREAT CITY GROWTH AT NEW ORLEANS

MY specialty being prophecy, I wish here to record the prediction that within twenty-five years New Orleans will be a city of more than a million inhabitants, the gateway through which the Mississippi valley's enormous farm and factory products will seek their European and South American markets; the seat of great and prosperous home industries; the financial, intellectual and social capital of the mighty commonwealths bordering upon the Gulf of

Mexico. This, not solely because of her unequalled position midway of the gulf coast and at the sea end of our mightiest inland waterways, but also, and mainly, because of the character of her young men of affairs. Here is the material out of which cities are built—imagination, daring, energy, patriotism—qualities which the young business men of New Orleans possess in a degree unsurpassed anywhere that I have wandered.